# the LINK

May 1965

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?

MEANING OF CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

## Like A Window

Although a window may be placed
To give a lovely view,
Its purpose cannot be fulfilled
Unless the light shines through.

(You have a purpose for my life—
Some work for me to do.
Lord, keep me open to Your love
And let Your light shine through.)

—*Mary Hamlett Goodman*

THE LINK

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 23 • MAY 1965 • NO. 5

## STORIES

Mr. Wong, Appraiser ..... Dan Ross 18
Busybodies ..... Virginia M. Gillette 42

## ARTICLES

Love at First Sight? ..... W. Clark Ellzey 5
The Meaning of Christian Marriage ..... Walter E. Dobler 9
The Honeymoon Is Over ..... M. Patricia White 12
Is It Worth It? ..... William H. Genne 15
Some of the Mothers of the Bible ..... Three Lions 24
Why Families Fail to Function ..... William G. Menninger 27
New Discipleship and the Old Piety ..... George A. Buttrick 32
The Woman and the Book ..... Charles Ludwig 37
"The Finest Fellows of God's Making" ..... Sylvia E. Clark 47
The Incredible Chapel ..... Harold Helfer 51
Missionaries of the Old West ..... Richard Barness 55

## OTHER FEATURES

"Little Sure Shot" ..... Mario DeMarco 23
The Beggar Poet ..... Richard R. Smith 41
Daily Bible Readings ..... 50
Lift Up Your Heart ..... 58
Brief News Items ..... 59
The Link Calendar ..... 62
Discussion Helps ..... 63
Books Are Friendly Things ..... 64
At Ease! ..... 66

COVERS

Front: "Love and life—eternal youth"—Vachel Lindsay. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: Take time to play with your children. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Front: Light shines through the window upon the family. Poem by Mary Hamlett Goodman. Photo by Suzanne Szasz. Courtesy: White House Conference on Children and Youth.

Inside Back: The dew on the morning glory. Shakertown, Ky. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Owen Gallagher. Spots by Volk.

Copyright © 1965 by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel.

# SOUND OFF

**The Picture "Grace"**

About two years ago THE LINK had a picture of an old man saying a thankful prayer for his scanty meal. We liked it so well we bought one of the large pictures for our Christmas gift. But we've lost the story about how the picture came to be. Will you send us this information?

—Mrs. Floyd Davison, 2026 Box Rd., Columbus, Georgia. 31907.

(*The issue was November, 1962, and we sent Mrs. Davison a copy. Those who might wish to buy a copy of this picture write to Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, Minn.*)

**Likes Poetry**

I am a fan of THE LINK magazine. I especially enjoy the column "The Beggar Poet" by Richard R. Smith. I enjoy reading and writing poetry.

—James L. Bline, SN, USS *Boyd* (DD 544), Care Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

**Thank You**

Again we wish to express our gratitude for twenty-five copies of THE LINK just received. We appreciate the fine array of timely articles like the one "Ignorance Is Out of Date."

—Joseph C. Elmer, Chaplain, V.A. Hospital, Spokane, Washington. 99208.

(*Continued on page 65*)

**STAFF**

**EXECUTIVE EDITOR: A. Ray Appelquist; EDITOR: Lawrence P. Fitzgerald; CIRCULATION MGR.: Isabel R. Senar; ASST. EDITOR: Irene Murray**

**Subscription prices to civilians: $2.50 a year; $2.00 in lots of ten or more to one address.**

**For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced quarterly at fifteen cents per copy.**

**Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Nashville, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.**

**Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.**

**All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.**

# Love at First Sight?

By W. Clark Ellzey

CERTAINLY it's possible. It's even probable. With some it's inevitable. So what? The real question is not whether love at first sight is possible but whether such a love is the sort upon which it is advisable or safe to enter marriage. To that question the answer is a very simple no!

Considerable confusion is due to our romantic illusions about love and marriage. Among the most damaging of these illusions is the idea that love warrants a marriage, that love indicates whom to marry and when. Many people apparently still do not know that you can fall in love with someone with whom you could not have a successful marriage. Granted that no one will have as successful and happy a marriage without love as they will with it, no marriage can survive much less amount to anything on love alone. Some people getting divorces are still in love with each other!

What would you think of a guy who decided that he wanted to fly, so he looked around until he found somebody he liked and on the basis of liking each other very much they got into an airplane and took off? If by chance they had both gone through pilot training and held

*Dr. Ellzey is acting chairman, Family Life Education Department, Stephens College, Columbia, Mo. 65203*

pilot's certificates, it would probably be O.K. But, if they had not, you know about the probable results. How many people secure much if any training for marriage? Who is certified as marriageable? We still seem to believe that anybody who falls in love, if he is a certain age or older, is automatically qualified for marriage.

**How Grown-up Are You?**

A marriage license does not indicate anything about ability as a pilot's license does. It just indicates legal permission to try. But a lot of people don't seem to have what it takes to achieve a successful marriage. Being in love won't suddenly give it to them. So, what does it take? Well, first it takes a certain amount of maturity. This is not to be confused with adulthood. We have a lot of immature adults, and immaturity is ranked first among the causes of failure in marriage. Here are some ways of describing it in a person in the early twenties.

The immature person jumps to conclusions. He uses ready-made, traditional, or preconceived ideas and opinion solutions rather than thinking things through. He is highly suggestible, easily influenced by others and depends on others to make decisions for him. As a citizen he lets others worry about the community while he seeks his own ends with the self-centered insistence of a child. He refuses responsibility or fails to carry his share of the load. He is constantly offending others through lack of tact, and poor manners, like a child that thinks only of himself and his own satisfactions without regard for others. He expects others to do all the adjusting, to give in, to come his way.

Such a person has a tendency to try to get what he wants by crying or being nice and affectionate, or engaging in sex relations or violently making demands or threats. He is easily offended at any slight, real or supposed, and indulges in self-pity to the point of considering himself a suffering hero. He thrives and depends on flattery and praise for his motivation and is thrown into the depths of the dumps by any criticism or condemnation.

The immature person may use nail-bitting as adult thumb-sucking. It may be that he will suck a cigarette instead, and/or he takes to the bottle, only this time without the nipple. The immature person is likely to compensate for inferiority feelings with an exaggerated show of sophistication. But, he is always excusing and alibiing or rationalizing for failure. He tends to be a poor looser, refusing to accept responsibility for his own acts and projecting blame on someone or something else. You will find the immature bitterly condemning others for not being the way he thinks they ought to be.

One sure sign of immaturity is the idea that freedom is the absence of all restriction and all restraint, doing as you please, regardless. Such an attitude destroys freedom. It is anarchy. In our day and time anyone who still lacks an adequate knowledge or has unhealthy attitudes and feelings about sex, love,

and marriage is immature. With the number of resources for better knowledge and understanding available to us today, only immaturity would cause a person to think that he already knows all he needs to know and already understands all he needs to understand, and is emotionally and psychologically healthy with respect to these matters. But, then this is the final proof of immaturity: The idea that one already knows all one needs to know, and that one's opinion is always right.

**Do You Two Agree?**

Even if a couple love each other very much it still matters whether they can agree about things in general most of the time, or whether their relationship is characterized by disagreement. While agreement might be considered most important it still matters what they agree about. If for instance, they both agree that drinking is O.K., then they both face the judgment of their own decision in terms of how things work out. One does not have to agree about everything in a marriage, but it helps if, when they disagree, they can disagree without being disagreeable.

Some of the things about which there ought to be relative agreement would include a philosophy of life. This would require a sense of values that are not too different. It probably would include concepts of right and wrong. It would certainly include religious beliefs. There ought to be general agreement about the goals that each has in life and in the marriage and how to go about accomplishing them. Money will certainly be involved and it helps if a couple are fairly close together in their ideas about how it is to be secured, by whom, and how and by whom it is to be spent. Children are most certainly a part of the picture, and a couple should think pretty much alike about when they want them and how many they want. It would help if they have similar ideas about how to raise them. The same requirements of general agreement would include friends and relatives.

If one has been under the impression that love will solve all problems then he needs to face the reality that love will not suddenly turn a careless spender into a very good manager of money. It will not transform a self-centered, demanding, tantrum thrower into a grown-up person capable of controlling emotions and cooperating with others.

**What Is "Love at First Sight" Like?**

Perhaps we should look at the nature of love at first sight. Usually it flashes quite suddenly into being and sweeps people off their feet. Nothing else matters. Sex appeal is usually so strong that it gives the couple the impression that they were just made for each other. It causes them to feel that their love will solve all problems, it will make up for all shortcomings, and that it justifies its own fulfillment, regardless of possible consequences. It convinces them that all the values are in the present. It resists the idea that investment in plans for the future make sense if it would require postponement of immediate satisfactions.

The sort of love which is characteristic of love at first sight tends to make a couple feel that their love justifies disregard of all rules and regulations, moralities and value structures and sanctions anything. There is a very strong feeling that it will last forever just as it is and of course this is "it," meaning that there has never been anything like it before and never will be anything like it again. Such a love has a name, "infatuation."

Now and then a more mature love emerges out of love at first sight and it is because of this that everybody assumes that it will be so in their case. In most cases it does not. A hasty jump off the deep end into marriage on the basis of the kind of love that characterizes love at first sight is one of the chief causes of failure in marriage. Most of the divorces connected with World War II came out of those marriages entered into immediately following the war. Men came back and either married memories or fell in love at first sight and jumped into marriage because of their hunger for sex and security. Those of us who do a great deal of counseling have reached the conclusion that the most needful fall first and fall hardest. That word "needful" stands for immaturity. But then, one of the characteristics of immaturity is hasty impulsive action.

Emotions are tremendously significant. They are like the fire under the boiler that provides power, but intelligence must control the power or there is danger of destruction. Psychiatrists often refer to love at first sight as a temporary form of mental illness. They mean that for the time being emotions have ridden rough shod over the ability to think clearly and decide with any considered judgment and objectivity. Love at first sight is thrilling and exciting, but it can be most deceptive and quite dangerous. ■ ■

**"My husband wishes to withdraw his offer to man the first moon shot. My mother just went back home."**

# The Meaning of Christian Marriage

By Walter E. Dobler

WHAT right does any preacher have to question our getting married in his church?" This was the question that set the fellows off, and three hours later they were still talking.

Ernie had sounded off after he and Nancy visited the minister of the church which Nancy's parents attended. Ernie and Nancy had set their wedding date for his next leave and had decided to check out arrangements with the minister. Instead of the quick, casual visit they had anticipated, they had found themselves faced with all sorts of questions.

"What business is it of his whether or not I belong to a church?" Ernie exploded. "Isn't the church a service organization? Anyway, Nancy's folks attend his church, and he owes it to them!"

### Church Wedding or Christian Marriage

When the fellows settled down to serious discussion, it was Charley who asked the leading questions: "Have you tried to put yourself in the minister's shoes? For him his faith and the church are serious matters—serious enough for him to devote his whole life to it. Now if you were in his place, how would you feel if someone seemed to make light of it all?"

"And he probably wants to make

*Mr. Dobler is director of Leadership Ministries, United Church of Christ, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108*

sure that later you won't find yourself caught in something you don't believe," added Jeff from the sidelines.

The conversation finally put Ernie at ease about the minister's intentions. The men agreed that any minister of integrity would want to be sure that people understood the meaning of what they were doing.

Another point that became clear as fellows from different backgrounds spoke was the fact that often the minister or priest is bound by the regulations and principles of his church. He is not free to make exceptions or allow special favors.

When pressed further about the visit, Ernie revealed some of the minister's concerns. "He asked why we wanted to be married in the church, and said something about accepting the obligations of the church's beliefs if we were."

Charley pushed for clarification. It was clear that he had given this whole matter considerable thought. "Don't you think you should know what the church believes about marriage if you want its blessing?"

"I don't want its blessing; I only want to be married!" Ernie retorted.

"You said something earlier," Charley continued, "about the church being a service organization. In the best sense that is true but its service and loyalty are pledged just like your service in the armed forces is pledged."

"You lost me there, Charley," Ernie countered. "What do you mean?"

"Well," Charley responded, "every Christian church, no matter what its denomination, pledges loyalty to its head, Jesus Christ. Its service and activity have to be consistent with the principles for which Christ stands—just like our actions are supposed to uphold the constitution of the United States of America." With an air of finality he put it this way, "You are not obligated to be married in the church; but if you ask to be married under its auspices, then you have a responsibility to take its position seriously."

**The Christian View of Marriage**

"Just what kind of questions did the minister ask?" prodded Bill.

"Well," Ernie struggled for words, "he asked us why we wanted to get married. He wasn't nasty; he just seemed interested to know."

There was a long silence as each of the fellows pondered how he would have answered such a seemingly simple question. When someone finally spoke it was to ask Ernie what he had said. Ernie found it hard to reconstruct the conversation except to recall that both he and Nancy seemed to agree that they "liked each other." The minister had been pleased that they showed real fondness for each other, and then had gone on to ask what they expected of marriage. He had asked, for instance, what they thought of the section of the marriage ceremony where they promised to have each other "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

To this the response in the group ranged all the way from, "That old

stuff—that's meaningless ritual!" to "That sounds pretty final." The comment that set them all to thinking, though, was that of soft-spoken Frank, "Yeah, first you say those words to your girl, and then she says them to you. And you sure wouldn't want to lie to each other, would you?"

"He didn't use those words, exactly, but that's what the minister meant, I guess," Ernie mused. "He said something about respecting each other and taking each other seriously."

**Responsibility for Each Other**

The conversation seemed to give Ernie new perspective and he began to reveal more of the interview. "The minister said that the church believes that in marriage the partners assume responsibility for each other. The minister said he is all for happiness, but that real happiness grows out of each person's being concerned about the other."

This matter of serious concern for each other led to the question of permanence in marriage. "Life is too short for constant fighting," someone commented. "If you can't get along, then get a divorce." Strong differences showed up on this matter, but Ernie quoted the minister at this point: "Christian marriage rests upon the belief that two persons pledge themselves to each other, each recognizing the other as sacred and of great worth in the eyes of God." Ernie felt that this allowed for little room for a "let's try it and see" attitude toward marriage.

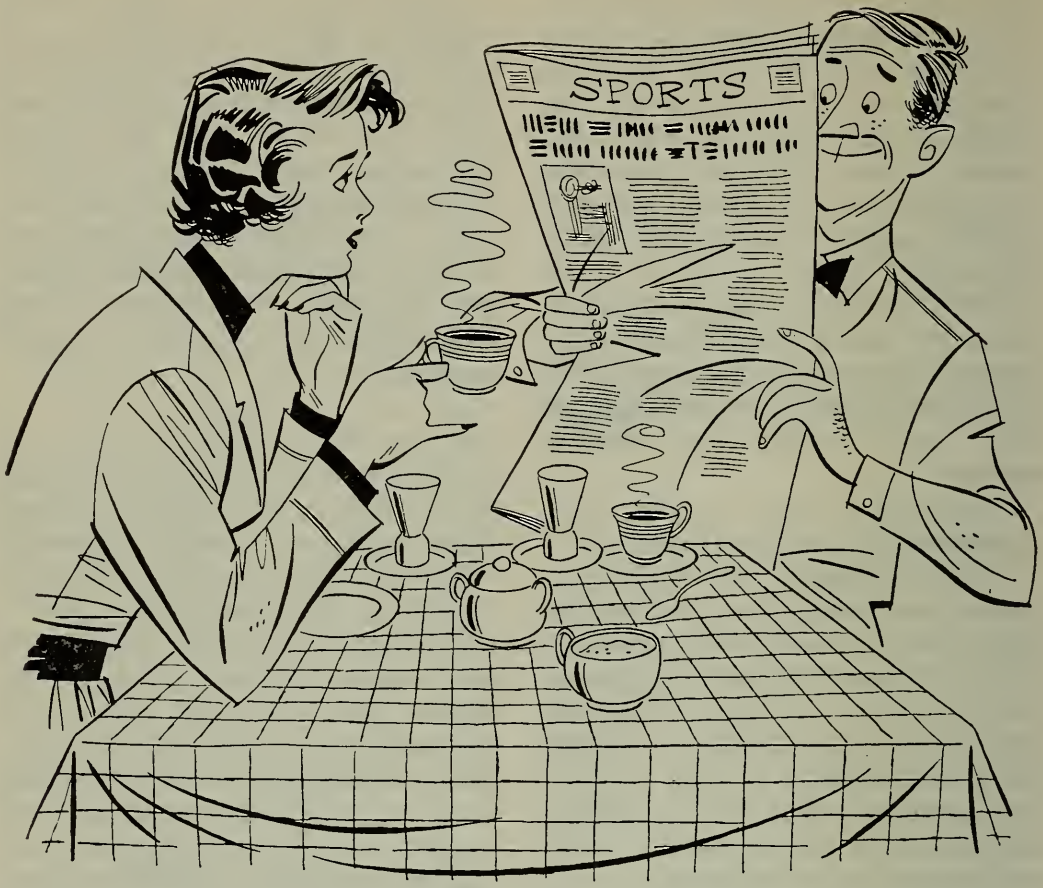
"What did he say about having children?" came a question.

"Well," Ernie said, "we didn't talk much about that. He did say that if we thought only of ourselves and our happiness, we'd be in danger of becoming selfish and self-centered, and that self-centeredness wasn't a very good base for happiness. I guess he really meant that we should think of a family as a part of marriage."

**Marriage and Society**

This touched off a long discussion about birth control and the population explosion as well as a person's responsibility to society. Charley caught up the heart of the discussion when he tried to summarize for George, who remained unconvinced. "Just remember, marriage is the business of more than two people. It involves the man and woman most, to be sure, but it affects two families, the in-laws, because two persons can't live a lifetime alone. Then, if children are born, it means their welfare, too. Don't forget, each family is part of the whole society and has a responsibility to help keep society healthy. That's what marriage is—starting a new family. Because marriage involves the lives of people, the Christian faith is concerned about it, and that's why these matters are raised."

As in all such discussions, more questions were raised than settled, but one evidence that they had started some serious thinking was Bill's comment, "Boy, all I can say is that I'll think a long time before I pop the question." ■ ■




# The Honeymoon Is Over

By M. Patricia White

WHEN the romantic horsepower of the honeymoon is hitched to the carriage of marriage, brother, it's a horse of a different color!"

The soldier knew what he was talking about. Love does change. It changes because of the realities of marriage. And it makes those realities not only bearable, but enjoyable.

Sure, there may be a little nostal-

*Dr. White is a psychiatrist at the University of Toronto, 66 Bessborough Drive, Toronto 17, Canada.*

gia for premarital romance, when it was roses all the way and somebody else did the weeding. The moon-June routine is great while it lasts. But a guy and a gal have two choices. They can throw their energies into blowing up the flames of early days. Or they can use the power-resources of mature married love to make the new-relationship real, rewarding, and creative.

**The New Partnership**

Married people are in business for themselves. They are partners in a going concern. You and your wife will buy and sell, incur debts, pay taxes, and provide for the future while you live in the present.

Since we exist in a money economy, money must figure in all your plans. A bank in our town advertises, "Security is a thing called money; start saving some today." Their psychology may be kookie, but their economics figures. A sound, workable plan for handling family finances is essential if there is to be security—and peace—in your home.

If the husband is the only wage earner, the wife usually handles housekeeping money, and Joe looks after the big "fixed expenditures"—things like rent or house payments, fuel, insurances, car maintenance. The important point here is that Jean and Joe have the same goals in mind, and are happy about the way the money is divided up.

If Jean is earning too, the picture changes. The idea may be that the wife's money is for something specific, down payment on a house perhaps, or a nursery fund for junior when he comes. The point here is simple but important: don't divert the funds to something else unless *both* of you are very sure about the new objective.

Women are funny about money as well as other things (we might as well admit!) so a guy had better get used to the fact that his beloved will be a spendthrift or a miser about some little things that he will never understand. She may never buy a newspaper from a box downtown because it's extravagant, yet give half-a-buck to the paperboy at her home. That same sweet gal may be a financial wizard when it comes to long-range budgeting. A high percentage of very intelligent guys make their wives the family treasurer. So long as there is mutual agreement, it doesn't matter which partner holds the purse strings. Even men who do manage the budget, like their wives to know how it's done. It keeps both parties realistic about what's possible.

Some people think a budget is a complicated business. Not really. It may not be the greatest indoor sport in the world, but it's your best chance for living within your means. You simply figure out what you've got coming in, and how you're going to let it go out.

To set up the budget, get a notebook, a ruler, and a pencil (with eraser on top!). Take twelve pages and label them the twelve months of the year. Write in your expected earnings at the top of each page. Now list down the page your fixed expenses: taxes, rent, food, clothing, and so on. Lower on the list

you'll have other necessary but not fixed expenses: medical, dental, recreation, church, charities, gifts.

A year with the budget notebook makes for real learning.

**Housework: His and Hers**

Who does what around the house? These days, the dividing line has practically disappeared. Fine specimens of manhood are seen toting heavy diaper pails, and many a lithe lass lays tiles like a pro. Laundromats are completely bi-sexual.

Here's the best advice for a young couple starting out in their own home: get rid of all taboos about who does what around the home. This is *your* marriage. Settle your own work rules. If you run into snags, and you will, there's no law against changing the rules or switching the roles now and then.

**Handle Things Together**

In all of this, remember that problems need to be thought out, not fought out. Every marriage needs shock absorbers—two of them—to keep the ride level. Sometimes the bump comes for Joe, sometimes for Jean. One has to take a little. One has to give a little.

One of our best American marriage philosophers, Peter A. Bertocci, has put it rather well. "Marriage demands maturity," he said. "It demands the kind of maturity which never takes love for granted, and which sees in love that link which ties men loyally and gladly to the best there is in the universe."

We are created as free and responsible human beings. We have response-ability. No other creature on God's green earth has this ability so highly developed. The internal circuity that makes this possible is so sophisticated it makes a computer seem simple by comparison.

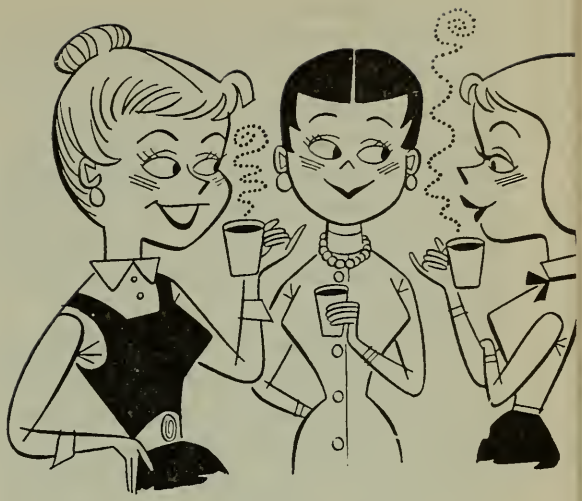
When two such creatures come together in marriage, of their own free will, they meld, intermix, and commit themselves totally, as persons. Thenceforth, they grow together. Or they die together. Each contributes to the health of the relationship, or to its destruction.

Decisions have to be made jointly, and continuously. Marriages are not determined by horoscopes. The future of your marriage is in your hands every moment of your lives.

Practical wisdom for everyday living is really very simple after all. It consists of knowing *in time* that life can become more abundant as time goes by. How? By being aware of where you are in life at the moment. By remembering what you learned in the past. By having some goals for the future. ■ ■

**"Say when?"**

# Is It Worth It?



By William H. Genne

**A working wife considers the pros and cons**

ONE working wife, in a moment of weariness, sat down and figured out what her job was costing her. When she counted up the cost of transportation, meals out, extra clothes for work, housecleaning once a week and the additional taxes, she found she was clearing exactly $8.75 each week.

She had started working when one of the children needed an expensive operation. It had taken two years to get the operation paid off. That was three years ago.

Once the operation was paid for, the extra money always seemed to come in handy. Right now there were the payments on the new refrigerator. Occasionally she bought herself an extra nice dress or hat but any money she spent on herself usually went for the clothes she needed on the job.

She began to notice, however, that she usually referred to the things which she bought for the house in a personal way. She found herself telling friends, "I bought this refrigerator," or "This is my new set of dishes." She noted also that after some such statement, her husband seemed a bit glum or grouchy.

She began to wonder if he resented her pride in these accomplishments. Did they reflect on his inability to provide these things out of his own wages? Were these things she bought coming between them and driving them further and further apart?

*Mr. Genné is executive director of the Department of Family Life, National Council of the Churches of Christ, New York, N.Y. 10027*

### A More Interesting Mother

When she was not so tired, she enjoyed her work. It got her out of the house and she enjoyed the people with whom she worked. There always seemed to be something new and different on the job. She felt that she came back into the home a more interesting mother because of her work.

But she began to wonder if there was not something new and different at home that she was missing. During the five years she had been working, her son had grown from eleven to sixteen. He was beginning to want to date and was spending more and more time away from home. He would be through high school in two more years and then he would be gone. Had she missed out on all of these changes from boyhood to manhood? Had she deprived her son of some of the things he ought to know and understand about women because she had so little time at home?

What about her daughter who was now fourteen? Her interest in boys and the clothes that attract boys was growing day by day. If mother wanted something new and different, she had a hard time keeping up with the latest boy friend and the latest mood of her daughter. Certainly this one was no longer the little nine-year-old girl she was when mother started working. How much of the change had mother missed? Of what had the girl been deprived?

### What Happened to Hubby?

Most of all, what was happening to her husband? He had received several raises and one promotion during the five years she had been working. He did not object to her working, but he did not seem to like it, either.

Once in a while he would bring home a surprise for her or for her kitchen. He hoped she would be pleased.

It was also more difficult to find time to do things together. He wanted to go with friends from his work while she wanted him to meet some of the people from her plant. Sometimes it seemed as though the folks from their church were their only mutual friends. They still felt drawn toward their separate work friends and they didn't know how to overcome this tension.

In fact, they both wanted to do less and less. Night after night they would come home so tired from work she would hardly know what to get for supper. If she suggested going out to eat, he would get grumpy and say they could not afford it. Sometimes he would help her clean up the dishes if their daughter was away baby-sitting, but other times he would just watch TV. When mother was left to do the dishes alone, she would get grumpy herself and the whole evening would be spoiled.

This sort of thing was happening more and more frequently. She was beginning to wonder if it were worth it.

She respected her husband because he did not object to her working but she wished they could work out some of the problems of fatigue,

friends, and sharing responsibilities about the house.

She knew the extra money, small as it was, came in handy for the whole family but she realized she would have to work out a more cooperative attitude and stop talking about the things *she* bought with *her* money.

Perhaps her most puzzling item: the children. They grow up so fast, soon they would be out of the home. She hated to be cooped up in the house all day while they were at school. Should she shift to part-time work or were there some volunteer activities she could do in the community which would provide diversion and satisfaction?

**How Work It Out?**

She realized she and her husband were a couple different from all the other couples in the world. They would have to work out their solutions *for* themselves, but did they have to work it out *by* themselves? She knew that their pastor had helped other couples who were faced with similar perplexities. No doubt there would be real advantages to having an objective third person help her and her husband think through some of the pros and cons about her working and to work out the values that were most important to her, her husband and her family.

Pastors who counsel couples with these kinds of questions can help relieve the anxiety and pressure in a number of ways. First, they can help the couple realize that their situation is not unique or the result of personal failure. Most couples are troubled about money and whether or not the wife should work is only one aspect of this problem.

Second, it is not the wife's problem alone. The attitude of the husband and children toward the mother's working is almost as crucial as the mother's own feelings.

In the case we have been discussing it would seem that the fourteen-year-old girl might assume more responsibility for housecleaning and meal preparation to contribute to the family's sense of well-being. If this required the daughter to give up some baby-sitting jobs, perhaps the family could agree to increase her allowance from some of the money saved by giving up the housekeeper.

Third, if the mother decides to continue to work, the pastor could help her see that she must consider the fatigue factor very carefully.

In any event, both father and mother will need to plan deliberately to use their time together and with the children to the best advantage.

Most of all, Mother needs to clarify her own reasons for working or not working. If she is mixed up, she will burn up considerable energy wondering if she is doing the right thing.

This mother also needs to lift up her life to God in prayer. It is plain she is not selfish. She does not spend her money for personal luxuries. She wants to do what is right for her husband and family. After she has weighed all the pros and cons, there is always the final, basic question: "What does God want me to do with my life?" ■ ■

# Mr. Wong, Appraiser

By Dan Ross

INSPECTOR Bannerjee and art dealer Mei Wong sat across the desk from each other in Mei Wong's treasure-filled studio on an upper floor of Bombay's Empire Hotel. The stout old Chinese gentleman was resplendent in a white linen suit as he studied a glittering array of stones set out on a chamois in front of him.

"All star sapphires," the old dealer announced, "and between ten and twenty carats each."

The short black beard of Inspector Bannerjee of the Bombay Homicide Division jutted out sharply. The lean, bronzed face under the beige turban showed keen interest.

"Do you recognize any of them?" he asked.

**A story with an unusual twist about a ruthless exporter speculating in fine art treasures**

Mei Wong gave the stones additional study. He lifted one, "This has a fine star but too many cracks and the color is a little too gray." He sorted the precious pile of glistening blue stones.

"They were taken from a thief we picked up yesterday," the Inspector said. "I'd hoped you might recognize some of the stones."

The old art dealer lifted a pudgy hand with a flashing blue stone between thumb and forefinger. "This one I do. It is a beauty! About twelve carats. Clear and six-sided. I know the cutting. I sold it to a dealer in Calcutta!"

"That fits," the Inspector agreed grimly and reached for the stone to study it himself.

Mei Wong passed it to him. He said, "Such a stone makes a man happy. Since the time of the Pharaohs men have come across the seas to Asia in search of such gems."

Inspector Bannerjee looked closely at the perfect gem. He said, "I hope this will mark the end of all the jewel robberies we've had in Bombay in the last few years. I think we've caught our man."

Mei Wong's eyebrows raised. "It sounds most promising. But as a dealer I must remind you that many other valuables besides jewels have been stolen. I, myself, have been robbed of a rare Ching Ti enamel vase and a Ch'ien Lung Lacquer Box with fine pearl inlay. I doubt if the average thief would be able to guess the value of these items. Other dealers have been robbed of fine tapestries, jade and brass."

The Inspector showed annoyance. "Are you suggesting we may have the wrong man?"

"It could be," Mei Wong said. "But then again you may have the offender. Does he strike you as one who would be able to appraise fine art?"

The Inspector's dark face was grim. "Not this fellow."

"Then it would seem that you have only trapped one of many thieves," Mei Wong suggested.

The Inspector rose and gathered the stones in the chamois cloth, then he stuffed it in his inner pocket. He smiled thinly. "We can be thankful for that at any rate."

"Indeed," Mei Wong agreed rising to see him to the door. "I would like to talk with you longer, Inspector, but I have been invited to the house of Francis Woods for dinner."

"Francis Woods!" The Inspector hesitated at the door of the studio, a surprised look on his face. "I can't picture you and that greedy exporter as being friends. He's not the best loved man in Bombay. Too many crooked deals."

"I am not his friend," Mei Wong said. "But I do know his younger brother Matthew very well."

"That's a different story," the Inspector nodded. "Isn't Matthew a collector of art items in your line?"

"He would like to be," the old man said. "But he does not have any money. He is dependent on his

brother. Acts as his secretary. Matthew hasn't any cash at all of his own. But he has published some excellent articles on ancient Chinese art."

"Then perhaps you'll have a stimulating evening in spite of the foxy Francis," the Inspector smiled.

The stout Mei Wong shrugged. "I do not know precisely why I have been invited. But at least I should enjoy talking with Matthew Woods."

LESS than an hour later the elderly Chinese art dealer presented himself at the lavish home of Francis Woods. It was a secluded and lovely place surrounded by palms and purple bougainvillaea. The white-haired owner of the mansion greeted Mei Wong personally.

"I've been waiting for you," Francis Woods said. He had a crafty face and a slender frame for a man of his advanced years. "I had expected Matthew to be with us as well, but it seems he won't."

Mei Wong registered mild surprise. "That is too bad."

"Really doesn't matter," the white-haired man said guiding him toward the big dining room. "We haven't been getting along too well for some time. This afternoon he left the office without a word. Later I found a note saying he was leaving India and finished working with me."

"Did he not say where he was going?" Mei Wong asked.

Francis Woods shook his head. "No. And I haven't bothered to try and find out. As a matter of fact I'm a little tired of Matthew and his everlasting art! I'm glad he's gone." He chuckled. "At any rate I took full use of his talents while he was here. But more of that later."

It was a difficult meal for Mei Wong. Francis Woods talked continually about his smart business deals, building himself up as the most outstanding self-made man in all the Far East. It would have been all right except that Mei Wong knew most of the truth about the crafty-faced man's crooked business methods. Wood's name was a scandal from Cairo to Calcutta! No one who dealt with him ever forgot.

Over cigars and coffee Francis Woods confided that he was about ready to retire. That he'd made several million and was satisfied. Then he compared himself with the younger brother. He said, "Matt never did have any business sense. I kept him as my secretary because that was all his talents merited. I could never trust him with any real deals. He didn't know how to look after himself."

Mei Wong demurred. "Matthew is a clever man," he said. "One of the finest scholars Cambridge ever turned out. His knowledge of Chinese art is unique."

Francis Woods airily dismissed this with a wave of a flabby hand. "It did him precious little good," he said. "But I think it may have benefited me."

Mei Wong's broad face showed interest. "I do not understand."

"You will," the one with the crafty face chuckled. "I used Matthew's knowledge to bolster my personal fortune. That's why I invited you here tonight."

The old art dealer had known all along there must be a reason but as yet he hadn't fathomed it. He said, "I am in some way involved in this?"

The white-haired man nodded and took a deep puff on his cigar. Then while his cold eyes fixed on Mei Wong, he said, "Through Matthew I found a novel and excellent way to invest my money. A way to protect my cash and see it grow in value with the years. Without having to worry about business conditions or the stock market. I've invested a full half of my fortune in your field, Mei Wong. In Chinese art!"

It came as a shock to the elderly dealer. He knew none of the collection had been purchased through him. Yet he had a shrewd idea now of why he had been asked to Francis Woods' home.

"Most interesting," he said.

"You bet it is!" Francis Woods chortled triumphantly and stashed out his cigar. "Come into my study and I'll show you the treasures Matthew picked up for me."

Mei Wong padded along beside the millionaire as they left the dining room for the adjoining study. Francis Woods drew back a velvet curtain that reached from floor to ceiling revealing the front of a large safe. His slim fingers touched the knob of it and he smiled at Mei Wong. "That's why you're here, Mr. Wong. I want you to appraise my collection."

Mei Wong waited as the other man worked to open the safe. It seemed an air of tenseness had come

into the room. He had the feeling that the contents of the safe might be a surprise for both of them. But he stood there silently his broad face giving no sign of his inward turmoil.

Then with a gasp of satisfaction Francis Woods swung the safe open. He gave Mei Wong a delighted glance. "You'll see!" he promised. "Matthew may not have been bright in other matters but I trusted his choice in art implicitly."

And he was right. Mei Wong watched with numbed surprise as Francis Woods quickly removed treasure after treasure from the big safe and carefully placed them on a table in front of him.

AFTER a time, when the surface of the table was crowded, Francis Woods looked at him with an amused expression on the crafty face. "You don't have to tell me you're impressed, Mei Wong," he said. "I can tell by your manner. And there's more in the safe still if that isn't enough."

"They are quite enough," Mei Wong said quietly, staring at them.

"Matthew always made sharp deals for these things," Francis Woods said, "and I made it easier by giving him hard cash to close the bargains." He surveyed the table. "What do you think of them?"

Mei Wong lifted his eyes to meet those of the millionaire. He said, "I fear you may be in for a disappointment."

Francis Woods' face took on an uneasy look. "You don't mean they're fakes!"

Mei Wong raised a hand. "Not at all. These are true art treasures."

"You gave me a start for a moment," the crafty-faced man said.

Mei Wong's eyes went back to the table. He studied the golden-colored Ming statuette of the Jude of Hell, the delicate Kang Hsi bowl, the ruby-back porcelain plate of the Yung Sheng period and lastly the Ching Ti enamel vase and the Ch'ien Lung Lacquer Box with its fine pearl inlay. Then he looked at Woods and said, "They are genuine enough. But all of them have been stolen over the years. Two of the pieces were taken from my own studio. It seems that your brother Matthew was not as impractical as you thought. He first convinced you that ancient art would make a good investment and then sold you piece after piece at a price probably many times what he could have gotten from a professional fence." He paused. "I can understand now why he decided to leave the country before I saw these. No doubt he has plenty of cash to see him on his way. As for you, my dear sir, I'm afraid you'll have a good deal of explaining to do when you turn these over to Inspector Bannerjee. For I shall, of course, be phoning him as soon as I return to my studio." ■ ■

### Dialogue with Prof

"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer," said the Professor.

Answered the Co-ed: "No wonder so many of us flunk our exams." —*Scholastic Book Services.*

# "Little Sure Shot"

THE title of the "Greatest Rifle Shot in the World" was not held by a man but a woman. Who else could hold this title but Annie Oakley?

Annie was born Phoebe Anne Oakley Mozee in Woodland, Darke County, Ohio, in 1860. In her childhood, while other kids were playing with dolls and toys, this little lady was out in the woods shooting game to help bolster the family provisions. At the age of eleven, this remarkable riflewoman was shooting big game and brought down her first bear.

The news of her amazing prowess with a rifle soon spread over the West. Buffalo Bill Cody heard about Annie and went to see if all the amazing stories told about her were true. After seeing some of her shooting he signed the seventeen-year-old youngster to a contract to tour with his Wild West Show. From the big cities of America to the countries of Europe she "wowed" the audiences with her shooting. She held the title of "Champion Trick Shot of the World" for over seventeen years.

Probably one of her greatest feats was when she had a total of 5,000 pennies piled on a table, then had them tossed high in the air in rapid succession, while with her rifle she nicked or plugged 4,777 of them! It was while performing one of these feats that the great Indian warrior, Sitting Bull, who was also traveling with the show, named her "Little Sure Shot."

Another of her favorite feats was to have a playing card (the five of hearts) placed at a distance of fifty feet, and put a hole in each of the five hearts in rapid fire. Because of this the complimentary ticket got its name of Annie Oakley.

At one time she was in a train wreck that almost ended her career. She was paralyzed on her entire left side, but came through in true showmanship fashion to shoot and thrill the audiences again. At sixty-three, when most people's eyesight is diminishing, this great lady could still knock out 100 clay targets at 50 feet!

After her death in 1926, motion pictures were made about her. A musical stage play, *Annie Get Your Gun,* was written about her, and this was a great hit. The legend of this remarkable woman will never be lost.

—Mario DeMarco

**REBEKAH. A mother who fought like a tigress to secure the future of her favorite son—Jacob, the "dweller in tents." She risked the wrath of her husband and led Jacob to lie to him for she did not want her other son, Esau, the fierce huntsman, to receive the blessing due the firstborn. She felt the future of Israel would be safer in the hands of Jacob. So he became the third Patriarch of the people who were the first to worship the One God.**

# Some of the Mothers of the Bible

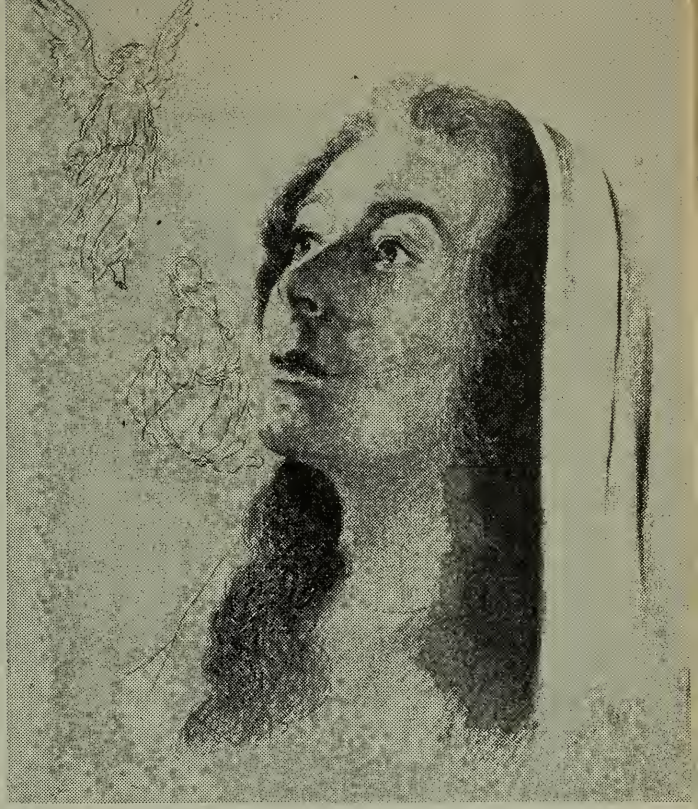
**Photo Story by Three Lions**

THE mothers whose stories the Bible records were all unusual women, but have remained immortal not so much in their own right as by virtue of the exemplary qualities of motherhood which they displayed.

They all gloried in their motherhood; without exception they considered barrenness a terrible calamity. Leah joyously gave thanks to the Lord for letting her bear four sons, one after the other (Gen. 29:35). The wife of Manoah, mother of Samson, and Hannah, the mother of Samuel (Judges 13:1-25 and 1 Sam. 1:1-28) gratefully dedicated their sons to the Lord in thanksgiving for being permitted to become mothers after years of childlessness. Motherhood, they seem to have known, often entailed sacrifice, but they made this sacrifice cheerfully.

A mother's true love for her child is shown best, perhaps, when she

**MOTHER OF SAMSON.** (See Judges 13:1-25.) This mother was compensated for her years of barrenness by the vision of the angel who promised her that she would bear a son and that the boy would grow up to save his people from the Philistines. Samson misused his talents and God's power but this perhaps was not his mother's fault. The Bible paints people as they are—with all their weaknesses. Samson was a weak character; and we may learn from him what kind of son not to be.



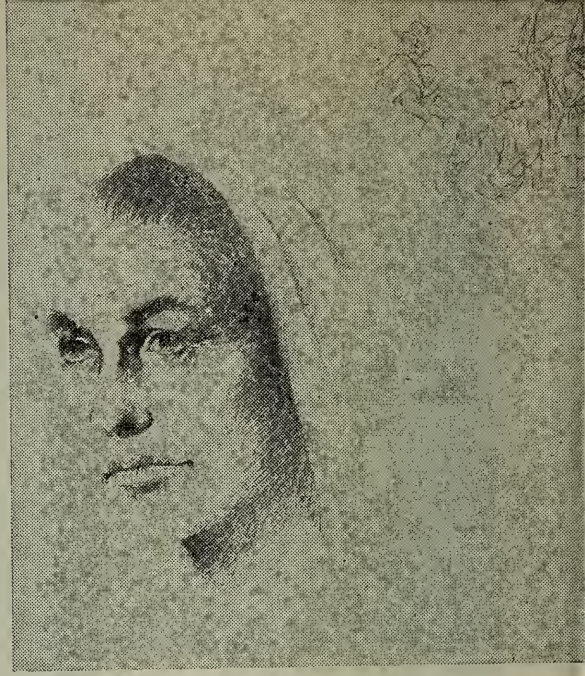
**RUTH.** One of the most lovable characters of the Bible. When Naomi, widow of Elimelech, was bereft also of her sons, Ruth, her daughter-in-law, gave her in ample measure the love and respect that a daughter might give to her. Orpah, on the other hand, was content to go back to her people. Ruth was rewarded for her devotion and became the ancestress of David, King of Israel.

lets him leave her to fulfill his destiny. Love such as this was exemplified both by the humble farm woman whose son, Elisha, left to become a man of God; and by Mary, the mother of Jesus, who sent her son forth to do his mission and then saw him die a martyr's death.

There is no greater tragedy for a mother than to watch her child die. In this, the mothers of the Bible, too, were intensely human. Hagar, alone in the wilderness with her son Ishmael, experienced some of that agony until her child was saved by an angel of the Lord. The Shunammite (2 Kings 4:8-37) might be said to have had greater faith than Hagar, for while her household mourned the child of her old age as dead, she sent for Elisha the prophet who caused the boy to live again. Nor has faith been confined to mothers in Israel; the Woman of Canaan, a Phoenician, had faith that the Lord would save her child from insanity (Mt. 15:22).

A mother will fight and resort to trickery, at times, to secure the future of her children, particularly of those whom she considers the weaker ones. Thus Rebecca (Gen. 27:1-38) risked the wrath of her aged husband to make sure that the rights of the firstborn would go not to Esau, the fierce huntsman, but to Jacob, the "dweller in tents."

Eunice, mother of Timothy, had to secure the future of her son by dint of her own labor for a living, for she had been left a widow when the child was still very young. At the same time she did not neglect the boy's spiritual guidance, as St. Paul was to point out many years later (2 Tim. 1:5).



**EUNICE, Mother of Timothy. Eunice had been left a widow when her son Timothy was very young. Timothy's grandmother sought the child's spiritual welfare as did his mother. Paul later said to Timothy: "I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith in . . . thy mother Eunice; and . . . in thee also" (2 Tim. 1:5).**

Sometimes a mother is repaid for her devotion. Naomi was given love and respect in ample measure by Ruth, the widow of her son. While Ruth's sister-in-law, likewise widowed, readily consented to go back to her people, Ruth chose to cast her lot with her mother-in-law. Rewarded in turn for her loyalty, Ruth became one of the most famous mothers in biblical history; her grandson was Jesse, who begat David, King of Israel. ■ ■

# Why Families Fail to Function

By William G. Menninger

THERE is more evidence of hate and fear and selfishness and pettiness in our social order than ever before. There is much evidence that we are not getting along together very well, whether in Birmingham or Berlin, in Vietnam or Cuba.

Tragically, this fact can be brought much more sharply into focus when we look at the homes where you and I live and the family life of people in our neighborhood and our city. It is families that make up the backbone of our culture. Every era has its crises, and yet I cannot believe that there were ever any more or greater pressures on family life than now—pressures that tend to tear us apart. It is only occasionally in most fairly large families that we even get together any more—and then someone has to leave for a half-past-seven meeting.

The family, the home, is truly the maker or breaker of mental health in most instances. It is there that all of us learned the initial lessons in life that made us what we are today. We are honest not because we decided to become honest at some particular time but because we grew up in a family where honesty—and many other important personality traits—were absorbed out of the experiences of our early years. Home is an experiment station where we can try things out—laboratory, to borrow the word from science.

More than any other social organization in our culture, the family can meet the more basic emotional needs for all of us. It can provide companionship, a sense of belonging, a source of sure understanding even when we make mistakes, and opportunities to learn to love. Most of us do learn at home, fortunately, how to love; but in psychiatry you daily see families where nobody loves. Such families are manufacturing plants for delinquency because no one cares.

If we have been fortunate from gaining our major satisfaction in

*Dr. Menninger is a Menninger Foundation executive, Topeka, Kans.*

receiving, we progressed to the enjoyment of giving. If we did not learn this in our homes, I suspect we will not learn it at all. In our initial family we also learned something about leadership—good leadership or bad leadership. This is the ideal place to develop pride and allegiance and hope, or, again, the absence of these. Our ethics, our value systems, our morals were instilled in us first by our parents.

To understand the environment in which the family functions, we must understand that the only thing constant in it is change. We cannot use the solutions and established limits of earlier times—including those of our own growing up. What my parents required of me and the way they tried to help me must be ignored or adapted in my relations with my children, because the world has changed so much.

One of the changes has been the increase in the speed and in the pressure of living. Rapid technological advance has added much to our comfort, but it has also complicated our daily life. We have speeded up communications; we have annihilated space; we have extended horizons, both figuratively and literally, into space. Perhaps there is a direct relationship between this increased speed of living and the fact that we have increased absenteeism in industry; we have increased divorce; we have increased alcoholism; we have increased delinquency; we have increased crime; and we have more people in mental hospitals than ever before.

Something has happened to our ethical values—they are approaching a kind of bankruptcy. Great corporations get together to fix prices; some outstanding teachers, lawyers, and citizens get caught in a TV scandal.

We talk about truth and honesty, dignity, sincerity, and integrity as if they were isolated ideas of merit that are to be applied to someone else. But they are much more; these are words that apply to you and me and our relationships with each other, between me and my wife, between me and my children—yes, between me and my neighbors, between me and my political opponents, my competitors in business, and the Negro next door. We have a mixed-up value system that has real impact on the lives of all of us. I hear someone say, "I am just one person. What can I do about it?" I think each one of us can do a great deal.

NOW I would like to be specific and talk about your family and my family. How well my wife and I get along will affect how well I can help someone else. I am always sorry when a person who has made a mess of his own marriage counsels other people about theirs. It happens every once in a while.

The key to good mental health is the ability to handle hostile feelings, and so I would like to talk about them and their expressions. There are gross faults that we see in others and ought to be able to see in our own families. Sometimes we are a little dishonest. Too often one spouse or the other is actually deceitful. We

violate agreements. We run out on each other. We let each other down.

We fail to be helpful at times when the other partner is under great stress and just a little support would make a lot of difference. We refuse to carry our part of the load, which is a necessary part of sharing in marriage and having children. What does it profit man if he is a genius in business but a failure as a father because he has made his wife carry all the parental load?

We neglect each other and feel no concern. We are disagreeable. We nag or deflate. Hostility can be expressed in thoughtlessness, inconsiderateness, selfishness, and excessive demanding. A favorite of some spouses is feeling sorry for themselves.

One can be too busy, too busy to do things for the other. Some wives are so busy saving the community that their own families go to pieces. Some husbands spend too much time in activities their wives cannot share. Though spouses cannot—and should not—share everything they do, they can share much more than is shared in most families, where even hobbies often take them in different directions.

Many families have very serious problems with money. Both consciously and unconsciously we are hostile to each other in handling allowances, by extravagances, miserliness, requiring an accounting, by keeping inaccurate records or no records at all, and so on. We use money too often in such a way as to be mean to each other because we have not understood each other or have not agreed on what we will do with it.

The interests our children develop depend upon the consistency of our attitudes toward them and our investment in them—the time, energy, care, thought and, of course, love that we give them. They identify with us automatically. In addition to looking like us, they may even walk like us. They incorporate our ideas without any awareness of doing so.

They also copy us consciously. When they see us do something, they may try to do it just as we do. Through these two processes we are responsible for inculcating, or not inculcating, the traits I have named —sincerity, honesty, integrity. As we patterned ourselves after our parents, our children will pattern themselves after us.

There are some fine points to be considered about being a model. How do we appear to our children? Many of us have unrecognized double standards. I say "unrecognized" because I feel sure that we do not often stop to think about this.

A homely, simple example: Our children are around. Somebody calls on the phone. We are pleasant until we hang up the receiver and then become critical. This is double talk that our children hear. We are hypocritical. We ought to realize that our children are certainly aware of our double standards and will include their version of them in their pattern of behavior.

Family life provides many opportunities to cooperate as well as to

compete. Outside the family the focus is more apt to be on competition, with too little emphasis on cooperation.

Giving meaning within the family to different opportunities for building, for creating, for making, for collecting, for seeking knowledge provides invaluable strength by developing inner resources. Such family life is perhaps needed even more now that there is so much temptation to glue our eyes to that monster over in the corner of the living room. In a family where there are no counterplans, passive watching and listening can continue hour after hour.

AFTER reminding ourselves that we are the models after whom our children pattern themselves—what do we do with our (creative?) leisure hours? When did we last visit an art gallery? When did we read a piece of standard—or new—fiction? When did we last listen to some beautiful music? We want our youngsters to do these things. Unless you and I do them, they probably will not. We must stop fooling ourselves about what the extent of our responsibility as parents really is.

It is my firm belief that we must also provide controls for our children. There should be limits to behavior in the home as elsewhere, and the limits should be identified. Children should not run a home. A home is a place where boys and girls should be prepared for life in a world of many people, a world that is not permissive. There are rules even for games. Part of the lesson to be learned is that we do not get something for nothing, as we did initially. We have to earn what we want; we have to work for it.

The essence of all my points is that we must have the courage to look first at ourselves—what we are and how we behave—before we can advance toward better marital and family relations.

In the ideal home and the ideal marriage the capacity to care for others grows. From being in love, we mature to loving. We grow from getting to giving—and, may I say, giving in—often. Not giving in 50 percent of the time but sometimes giving in 100 percent. This implies the capacity, the willingness, the desire to work together to solve problems through communication, aeration, and formulation—and many compromises.

The importance of communication intrigues me because I believe that if it is not possible, a marriage is doomed. It should not be left to chance. Every family ought to set aside a regular time, preferably every day, when husband and wife can talk and think without being interrupted. The children should understand that this is the parents' time together. At such times there is an opportunity to review the joys of the day and the problems of both home and office, and an opportunity to plan for the immediate or more distant future.

During these sessions each spouse should be willing to listen to the other at least half the time. A sense

of humor helps. Timing is important. If my wife throws problems at me and I am overwhelmed by the ones I brought home with me, she is not going to receive much help. Nor will I if my wife is too weary to listen to me. No use making a bad situation worse.

It is important to avoid, if possible, putting our partners on the defensive. A conciliatory or an accusing tone can make a great difference in the reception of what is said. We ought to have enough sense —though we rarely do—not to talk when we are angry; that is when we are likely to talk most. At least, after we have calmed down, we should recognize that speaking in anger was foolish and might have been dangerous. On the other hand, sometimes we push each other away, and an unsolved problem between us festers and festers. Just as in surgery, free and adequate drainage is essential if healing is to take place.

When the communication lines are open, there is more apt to be a sense of warmth, a feeling of appreciation, and sympathy for the other one's point of view, which can lead to compromise. Harmonious relationships depend on making many compromises. In doing so, we must recognize the difference between the urgent and the important.

The most important aspect in our personalities in terms of solving problems is the capacity to love, to care about other people in the broadest sense, and it may be hoped, to continue to increase this capacity beyond our families to the community, to the state, to the nation, and to this shrinking little world that you and I must concern ourselves with far beyond the borders of our own yards.

But, again, this depends on whether you and I as individuals can increase our own effectiveness in living, can improve our own mental health. This in turn will depend on whether we love enough to prevent wars in families and in the world. ■ ■

## THIS IS A NEW DAY

**Yates, an ineffectual but talkative worker, spent most of his time complaining that fortune seemed to smile on everyone else but him. When another employee with less seniority was promoted, his wails of self-pity filled the boss's office.**

**"It's the same old story," Yates moaned, "other guys get all the breaks! But how come my ship never comes in?"**

**"Perhaps," his boss suggested quietly, "you never discovered that steam has replaced wind."—F. G. Kernan**

**GROUP MEDICINE: Where thirty or forty relatives and friends pitch in with a cure apiece for a cold in your head.—Gene Yasenak.**

**AFTER DINNER MINT: What you need when the waiter brings the check.—G.Y.**

# New Discipleship and the Old Piety

By George A. Buttrick

**Chapter 5 in a study of the Sermon on the Mount**

THIS is another clearly marked movement in the total symphony. It contrasts the new discipleship with traditional Jewish piety in three instances, the three classic forms of Jewish righteousness, namely, almsgiving, prayer, and fasting. (Read Matthew 6:1-18.)

We should notice that all three endeavors in both settings are acts of piety. Almsgiving, for instance, is worship, not a secular contribution to a secular "community chest." Christ tacitly approves all three, but only if they are on a vertical line which Christ has come from God to restore. With so much (or so little) introduction we turn to the three instances, as we notice that verse 1 sounds the theme of the movement.

I

*Concerning almsgiving.* "Sound no trumpet" is probably metaphor. We would say, "Don't blow your own horn." "Hypocrite" in the Greek means play-actor. What seems generosity in gifts of charity may be a form of pride, the playing of a part, and therefore worse than godless. The reference to the right hand and the left is very moving, for when someone wished to describe close friendship between two men, he would say, "They are as close as the right hand

*Dr. Buttrick is a distinguished American clergyman, author of many books, and general editor of* The Interpreter's Bible. *He lives in Evanston, Ill.*

and the left." The word "reward" by contrast is almost terrifying: it is our word "receipt" or our formula "paid in full." Those who give charitably in order to build a reputation for generosity, "that they may be seen of men," get precisely that: God has quit on them.

The word "openly" is a gloss not found in the best manuscripts. Some play-actor must have added it! Once I was asked how this teaching can be reconciled with "Let your light so shine that men may see your good works," and I found the answer in *The Expositor's Greek Testament:* "Show when tempted to hide; hide when tempted to show." What of our lists of names in the newspaper of those who have given to some public cause—names and amounts of the gifts?

II

*Concerning prayer.* This passage is crucial and dear because it includes The Lord's Prayer. Again we are told that the new discipleship has no place for ostentation. There were three times of daily prayer then: the workman would quit his work and the teacher his teaching to turn toward Jerusalem (much as Moslems today turn toward Mecca), and the play-actors, intent on being reckoned "holy men," would plan life so as to be caught on a crowded corner. Or they would "stand in the synagogue," where once in a modern synagogue I saw a man actually standing on the front row, swaying back and forth as he prayed, presumably in fulfillment of an ancient word, "All his bones shall pray" with his lips in double prayer. The rest of us were distracted from worship. We could hardly help watching him. But that was what he wanted. He got a receipt for it!

*What is the manner of real prayer?* It is in secret so that there can be no cant or self-preening, so that a man stands alone before The Alone. It has no babbling about it (the meaning of "vain repetitions"), such as devotees of the mystery-cults employed as they cried a hundred times over, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" It may be private prayer or group prayer (The Lord's Prayer with its "our" is a group prayer), but it is toward God on a vertical line, with no sidelong glances toward men on a horizontal line. Once a certain prayer was described as "the most eloquent prayer ever offered to a Boston congregation"! Times do not greatly change!

There is no need to give God information or tire him out: such prayers try to bribe God or twist his arm. He knows, and nothing is secret to his all-seeing eye. "Pray then like this," and so comes The Lord's Prayer.

*Therefore as to The Lord's Prayer:* How can any man tell its wonder in a few paragraphs, least of all I, when libraries have been written about it? Its sevenfold petitions (seven was then a holy number) can be found in earlier Jewish piety (Christians should always gratefully remember the roots they have in Judaism), but it is still original and unique in its choice of just these petitions, in just this order, and in its conciseness. It is most of all original in the lips and life, the death and the resurrection, of Him who gave it. Now it is forever engraved on the chancel-rail of the world, secret and open, where all men must at last kneel. Notice its intimacy: the word translated "Father" is the word a man would use of his earthly father. Notice its majesty and mystery: "Who art in heaven" almost means "who art above all the heavens," and is direct rebuttal of the skeptic who says that we make god in our own image.

*As to the form of The Prayer:* the first three petitions concern God and the whole earth. Some say the church "should not be mixed up with world affairs." But The Lord's Prayer has its eyes set on the whole life of man: the phrase "on earth as in heaven" applies to each of the three preceding entreaties. In the first of them, "*Hallowed be thy name,*" the word *name* is a great Bible term. Nowadays a name is a tag or a label by which the mailman distinguishes us from our neighbor, but then a man's name was index to his character or at least to his parents' pious hope; and God's name was always God's nature revealed in his mighty acts. So "hallowed be thy name" is a prayer that God will show himself holy by his sovereign deeds (the passive form is part of the reverence), and that man by his deeds shall acknowledge God's holy rule. The phrase, "Thy kingdom come," will be answered when the next prayer, "Thy will be done," is fulfilled in the life of mankind. In due time that kingdom newly entered our world through Jesus Christ. Its beneficent light spreads through his disciples as they pray and bear their daily witness. It shall be consummated at last when the "kingdoms of this world" shall become "the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ."

*As to the further form of The Prayer,* the last four petitions concern God and the life of individuals. The first stands alone as the one prayer in The Lord's Prayer which relates to things. It is lowly in the midst of our materialistic culture with its money-pride, its ostentation in dress and houses, and its undue concern for property rights over human rights; for all this prayer asks is enough "bread" day by day.

The word "daily" was an enigma until recently: now we know the word is used for women's grocery lists and soldier's daily rations: "Give us day by day our bread for the morrow." This is the translation, for it was the custom in those days to buy and keep overnight tomorrow's food. The disciple has simple, not artificial, needs; and he does not provoke his neighbor to materialistic envy, but lives by faithful labor as he trusts God's daily providence.

*The last three petitions all concern evil:* thus the Prayer as a whole consists of three petitions for God's rule in the whole earth, one only for all our strivings after things, and three for defense and mercy against evil! Some in the Christian church say "debts," and some "trespasses." This minor conflict is easily explained: the word in the Matthew version of The Prayer is "debts," in the added verses (vv. 14, 15) it is "trespasses," and in the version in Luke it is "sins." "Sins" gives the essential meaning. George Bernard Shaw in the play, *Major Barbara,* says through Cusins that "forgiveness is a beggar's refuge . . . We must pay our debts." But how? If I failed by ten percent in kindness yesterday, how can I be one hundred and ten percent kind today? How can we send back into the sky the bomb that fell on Hiroshima? Therefore we pray: "Forgive us our debts."

The word "temptation" in the next petition has a double meaning: trial and seduction, with the first carrying the heavier stress: "Lead us not into too great testing, but deliver us from evil." Some manuscript versions say "the evil one." Why not both? Temptation to evil comes almost with personal voice ("Brother, can you spare your self?"), yet evil is also a vast, pervasive, mysterious climate and power. We can meet it only in a Strength far greater than our own. "The Doxology" ("For Thine is the kingdom" etc.) is not in the earliest manuscripts. It is in *The Didache* (see above), and thus presumably was added about A.D. 125. But what a splendid climax! It says what the word "Amen" says: "So let it be!" It knows that God's love and power can bring to pass every prayer offered in the spirit of Christ, and proclaims that faith as with Easter trumpets.

*The addition to The Prayer* (vv. 14, 15) is not a business transaction: so much pardon on our part, so much pardon then on God's part. The mercy of God is always round our house of life (as he gives daily bread, so he daily forgives), but if we fail in forgiveness to our neighbor, that failure bars doors and windows so that God's mercy cannot find entrance. Conversely if we pardon because of God's free grace, we are wide open to his vaster mercies.

III

*Fasting* is no longer much practised, except perhaps in minor sacrifices during Lent. The Jews of Christ's day kept solemn fasts on the Day of Atonement and on New Year's day. There were also remembrances of national calamities that were marked by fasts. Times of drought were so observed, with prayers for rain. The pious added personal fasts, and would sometimes go unwashed and even smear their faces with ashes, so that all men would notice the holy rigor of their religion. Jesus told his followers to wash their faces, so that nobody would know they were fasting. The play-actors' got a receipt for their pretense: men *did* notice, but they alienated themselves from God. How can life be lighted if the main contact is broken? *The Didache* (see above) has an almost comic sentence: "Let not your fasts be with hypocrites, for they fast on Mondays and Thursdays, but do you fast on Wednesdays and Fridays." We should carefully observe that Jesus does not condemn fasting, but approves it if done secretly in a self-indulgent age.

Thus the contrast between the new discipleship and the old piety. The latter knew God, but had its eye also on the keeping of the Law, and thus fell victim to a subtle self-pride: admiration for the self-keeping of the Law and a hankering for the admiration of other men. But Christ came calling all men "to repent and believe the good news" of God's grace. Thus his disciples, knowing that they and all men are at best forgiven sinners, are freed from themselves and from any desire for "glory among men." Freely they live on a direct line toward God, claiming through the incredible grace of the gospel his close friendship. They know that all our candles draw their light from his sun. A lady phoned a Washington church on Saturday night to ask "Will the President be in your church tomorrow morning?" The reply was right: "I don't know, madam, but we hope God will." If a man knows the grace of God in Christ he can say day-by-day with great joy: "God only. Only God." Then, such is the paradox, he will live creatively with his fellowmen. ■ ■

**Again and again I have been tempted to give up the struggle, but always the Figure of that Strange man on the Cross sends me back to my work again.—George Tyrrell. All men are children of one Father and brothers in the human family. Brotherhood dedicates us to the practice of understanding and justice through which freedom and quality flourish in human society.—Franklin D. Roosevelt.**

# *The Woman and the Book*

By Charles Ludwig

**A best seller that started a war**

CONGRESSMAN Philip Greeley of Boston settled himself in the night train for New York and Washington. Then to pass the time, he opened volume one of the cloth-bound book that had just been presented to him by Professor Calvin Stowe and began to read.

Although he had not read any of the story as it was being published in serial form by *The National Era,* he halfway expected to be bored. Indeed, when the publisher, fearing its failure, had offered to share the profits if Calvin would put up half the money, Greeley had advised against it. A ten percent royalty, he was convinced, was a much better proposition for the over-lengthy novel.

Starting at the very beginning he read: "Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine in a well-furnished dining parlor in the town of P---, in Kentucky." Soon the book became a living thing. The rhythmic beating of the carriage wheels retreated into silence. The pages shuffled beneath his eager fingers. Then he became conscious of tears fighting their way down his cheeks and of people curiously staring at him. But in spite of the scene he was creating, he could not lay the book down. In desperation he got off the train at Springfield, checked into a hotel, and sobbed his way through both volumes.

*Uncle Tom's Cabin* by Harriet Beecher Stowe was on its way! Soon Publisher Jewett's presses were rumbling night and day in order to supply the demand. Twenty thousand copies were sold in three weeks, and this was just a beginning. It was translated into one language after the other. It became a smash hit on Broadway. It was pirated in England. But more important still, it became in a very short time one of the leading causes for the abolition of slavery on the North American

**Harriet Beecher Stowe**

continent. No one was more astonished by this success than Mrs. Stowe. After the publishing contract had been signed, she remarked hopefully: "I hope it will make enough money so I may have a silk dress."

To a literary admirer who wrote, asking about her life, she replied modestly: "I am a little bit of a woman . . . about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff." This was quite a statement for one who came to be known as the world's greatest living writer! What was she really like?

HARRIET ELIZABETH was born into the parsonage of Lyman and Roxana Beecher in Litchfield, Connecticut, on June 14, 1811. Her father, who felt that one of his most important tasks was to raise boys to become Congregational preachers, had hoped the new baby would be a boy and had already picked out the name: Henry Ward. To soften his disappointment, the name Henry was twisted into Harriet and everyone was happy. Harriet, the seventh child in a family of twelve children, was named after the first Harriet who was born and died a month later in 1808. She also inherited her namesake's crib and layette.

The large house that Harriet knew as a child was crowded to the eaves. In addition to the six living Beecher children, there were: Mrs. Beecher's sister, Mary Hubbard; Betsy Burr, an orphan; two girl boarders; and two Negro girls, Zillah and Rachel, who had charge of the kitchen.

Then, in addition to the human members, there was a cow, a horse, a flock of chickens, several families of cats, and a hunting dog to help Lyman relax.

Lyman Beecher, known as the great gun of Calvinism, had something interesting going at all times. In the midst of a sermon he would push his glasses back over the top of his head, and then in a few moments he would put on another pair which, in turn, would suffer the same fate as the first pair. By the time the discourse was finished, his head would be supporting several sets of the small lensed opticals fashionable in his day. If he wanted to sleep late, he would pretend there was a hungry lion or tiger under the bed, and would refuse to

emerge from the fortress of the covers until the children had proved it was safe by investigating every hidden place.

He suffered from stomach acidity and sometimes when he had a severe attack he would summon the family and gravely inform them that he was going to die. This always produced a lot of tears, sad farewells and promises of reform. These tokens of love were a joy to his heart and by the following morning he would be completely well.

Stories were read to the children; they entered into the activities of the church; and they listened in silence but with thirsty ears to the famous people who came to visit their father and discuss the great issues of the day.

On a certain communion Sunday, Harriet paid special attention to her father's sermon based on the text: "I call you not servants, but friends." While she listened, her eyes fastened on the white starched cloth that covered the emblems, she felt a deep sense of sin and was conscious that the Holy Spirit was speaking to her. Instantly she surrendered her will to Christ. Later, when she related what she had done to her father, he said: "Then a new flower blossomed in the Kingdom this day."

At twenty-five, Harriet was married to Calvin Stowe, a professor in Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, Ohio, where her father had become the distinguished president.

CINCINNATI, being separated from Kentucky merely by the Ohio River, was an ideal spot from which to study slavery. Indeed, on the very day of her wedding a

**Harriet's home in Hartford, Connecticut.**

Cincinnati paper carried the following advertisement:

> $1000 REWARD
>
> RAN AWAY from the Subscriber, on Saturday the 12th instant (December, 1835).
>
> ELEVEN SLAVES
>
> First Daniel, aged about 55; Abbe, his wife, about 50; and their children: Daniel, about 25; Adam about 22; Jonathan, about 21; Anthony, about 20; Judy, about 19; William, about 16; James, about 11; Ruben, about 10; Moses, about 9.
>
> The above Slaves are all remarkably likely Negroes—light complection, tall, and of fine appearance, and no doubt well-dressed and independent in their appearance, having been much indulged by me.
>
> I will give the above reward of One Thousand Dollars for the delivery of the above family of Slaves to me, or the securing of them in any jail, either in or out of this State, so that I can get them. Or, I will give One Hundred Dollars for the securing and delivery of each one of them, and pay all reasonable expenses incurred in the delivery of them, or any one of them.
>
> JAMES TAYLOR
>
> Newport, Ky.

Harriet read such advertisements with clenched fists. But in addition to this, she was constantly reading of escaped slaves who had been captured and brutally returned to the owners. She longed to do something about it. But what could she, an underpaid professor's wife, do?

The years ahead were dull, tragic, humdrum. She had seven children including a set of twins. When Asiatic cholera swept Cincinnati, bringing death to thousands, she lost her own little boy, Charlie, and had to attend the funeral alone.

Remembering that she had collaborated with her sister, Catherine, in writing a geography for children that had sold one hundred thousand copies, she got out her pen to see if she could earn some money. Calvin was afraid that he would only collect six hundred of his twelve hundred dollar annual salary.

Soon an article was on its way to *The Evangelist* and two more to *The National Era.* All three promptly sold and she received checks totaling a little over one hundred dollars. It was an excellent beginning and Harriet kept her pen going.

But as she wrote, she kept thinking of the horrors of American slavery. Oh, if she could do something about it! Perhaps a dramatic story would stir up some interest.

In February she attended a communion service in Brunswick, Maine, where the family had moved. It was destined to be one of the most important services she had ever attended. Suddenly the pastor, the communion table, the choir, and the entire congregation faded from her eyes. Instead, she had a vision of a brutal white man knocking down an old slave and then ordering two other slaves to beat him to death with rawhide whips.

While the slave was dying, he prayed that the Lord would have mercy on his tormentors.

After dinner, Harriet went to her room and put down the vision. She named the slave owner: Simon Le-

gree; the executioners: Sambo and Quimbo; and the martyr: Uncle Tom. Weeks later she read what she had written to Calvin. He listened with amazement. Then through his tears he said: "Hattie, you must go on with it. You must make up a story with this for a climax. The Lord intends it so."

And so, a few days later, she sat down and began to write. Forrest Wilson, one of her distinguished biographers, in his excellent book, *Crusader in Crinoline* (Lippincott, 1941), described the moment well when he said: "The hairline of ink was starting on a long journey. Harriet did not know where it would end, but it ended at Gettysburg and Appomattox."

As the serial was nearing its end, Harriet offered the book rights to a publisher in Boston who turned it down, declaring that it would never sell a thousand copies!

Years later when many a battlefield was reddened with the blood of American boys who wrestled over the problem of slavery, Harriet met President Lincoln. "So this is the little woman," he said, grasping her hand, "who made the big war."

Now a famous author, Harriet kept the presses humming with one book after another, most of which became best sellers. She died on July 3, 1896, and was buried by her husband. One of the most beautiful wreaths was sent by the Negroes of Boston. Attached to it was a card bearing the inscription:

"THE CHILDREN OF
UNCLE TOM."

■ ■

# The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

## BEFORE I GO TO SLEEP

**What matters if the day is long**
**Or hard the path and steep;**
**I know that He will hear my prayer**
**Before I go to sleep.**

**For every prayer to Him I sow**
**His presence I shall reap;**
**And I will feel His hand in mine**
**Before I go to sleep.**

**He gave to me eternal life,**
**And His promise He will keep.**
**My spirit shall be one with God**
**Before I go to sleep.**

## AT NIGHT

**Still now, hear the gossip of the wind;**
**A restless spirit bolder in the night**
**Bids farewell to all who listen here**
**And flees before the coming of the light.**
**Dawn will break the magic of this spell.**
**Reality shall rule throughout the day,**
**But night will come to humble, haughty hearts.**
**In darkness even unbelievers pray.**

---

## PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 24-26, Three Lions; pages 38, 39, Library of Congress; pages 51-53, 61, U.S. Navy; pages 59, 60, U.S. Army.

# BUSYBODIES

By Virginia M. Gillette

OF all places, I ran into Lillian in the supermarket. After so many years, it seems strange we should recognize each other instantly. But she hadn't changed and with her usual tact she let on that I hadn't either.

We stood in the aisle and talked. We had been separated long enough to produce five children between us, their two and our three. We drew the threads of time close and marveled at its swiftness.

"Now, listen here, Mary. We've just got to get together," Lillian said.

"Whenever you say."

"Not this week. Ridge won't be home until Sunday night."

"You mean he's still traveling?"

"That's his job, honey," Lillian's voice held the complacence of a completely secure woman.

We made a date for the next Tuesday night and then we said goodbye. I pushed my full cart toward the checker in a daze of remembering.

It was all back with me: Lillian and Ridge, Eunice and Lee Roberts, Bob and I and the Pine Terrace Apartments; when we knew all the answers and never had any doubts.

The days of our leisure. We thought we worked hard. We could spend hours making a batch of cookies or changing the furniture. And we did everything together. The Pine Terrace was like a club. Lillian and Ridge lived across the hall and Eunice and Lee directly over us. We were always running in and out of one another's apartments. And probably that was the trouble. We had no privacy. We came to know too much about one another and we were not old enough or wise enough to keep some things a secret.

Eunice and I were the worst offenders because we had coffee together every morning. Lillian was never up that early. She'd get Ridge's breakfast and go right back to bed. And we'd been living there almost six months before the Porters came. Ridge had been transferred from his home plant in the South and after they moved in I went over to welcome them.

Lillian opened the door. She was little and blond and cute and her eyes had that vague opaque look that made you feel she wouldn't know enough to come in out of the rain.

"I'm Mary Delaney," I started to say but she smiled and clapped her hands together.

"Hi, honey. C'mon in. I've been dying to meet you."

I stepped into another world. The windows were shuttered and draped giving the room a dark cool effect. There was an enormous divan that curved around the walls of the room and in front of this a low, round coffee table held huge ash trays, a pile of magazines, and a cut glass pitcher of yellow iris.

Just crossing the threshold slowed you down. You had a feeling of biscuits and ham, grits and bacon, and all the time in the world. Lillian completed the illusion. She was a gentle, good-natured, not too bright Southern lady.

At least that's the way I described her later to Eunice. "You'll see Friday night," I said. "They're coming over to get acquainted."

"I wonder what he's like," Eunice said.

"Probably very dapper," I said. "Not the lounging-around-with-half-a-day's-beard type like Lee and Bob."

AND I was partly right. Ridge was all that and more. He came in with Lillian and took my hand and for that moment there was no one else in the room.

"Mary," he said, looking deep into my eyes. Then he winked. "Say, I'm going to like this place."

He turned to Bob and they shook hands. "Bob," he said. "I understand we're in the same business."

They were off, rocking back on

their heels and jingling the change in their pockets.

FROM then on the six of us were together often. Ridge sparked our parties and by watching Lillian, Eunice and I learned to dress carefully and speak gently. But with all this we still felt as though we were the mothers and she the child. That's why we were so enraged when we finally realized how Ridge was cheating her.

The first hint I had was the day Bob had to drive to Townsend to pick up a box of bearings that were being tested at the Research Center.

"Don't expect me for dinner. You go ahead and eat," he said. "I'll grab a bite on the way home."

But when he came in at eight o'clock he went to the kitchen and began to rummage around.

"I thought you were going to eat on the way." I took the bread and began to make him a sandwich.

"I was." His voice sounded so odd I turned to look at him.

"I pulled in at Webster's," he said. "And I went over to look in the front window to see how crowded it was. Well, I looked in and there was Ridge sitting at a table in the corner." He stopped and cleared his throat. "With a girl."

"Ridge Porter!"

"I'm sure it doesn't mean a thing. There's probably a good explanation for it." He shrugged. "I'm hungry. Let's forget it. It isn't our business, anyway."

After that whenever we were together I watched Ridge more closely. I began to notice things I had overlooked before. He seemed to want to charm every woman he met. His eyes flattered and his voice caressed. He never failed to mention a new hairdo or a bright scarf or even a different shade of lipstick. What woman could resist that? Very few tried. And it wasn't very long before Eunice noticed too.

"What do you suppose got into Ridge last night at the party?" she said one morning as we were having coffee.

"Last night?" I snorted.

She held her cup halfway to her mouth and stared at me and then I did the thing I've always been ashamed of. I told her about Bob seeing Ridge at Webster's.

Her eyes rounded with delighted shock. "You don't mean it."

But there wasn't any doubt about it. As the days went by there were more and more signs that Ridge was running around. But Lillian didn't pay any attention at all.

"How can she be so dumb?" Eunice raved. "She ought to give him a good swift kick. Personally, I'd have too much pride to let a man walk all over me like that."

"Me, too," I said. "But it isn't a question of pride. She just doesn't realize what's going on right under her nose."

"Then somebody ought to tell her." Eunice looked at me. "Maybe we should."

"Oh, no," I said, thinking of Bob. "He'd skin me alive if he even thought I was considering such a thing.

"Somebody's got to and we're the best friends she has."

Just then Lillian walked in. She was dressed to go out in a pale blue flannel suit with a pleated skirt and a matching felt sailor and the usual white gloves. She looked like a little girl dressed for a party.

"I'm on my way to pick up Ridge's birthday present. Either of you want to go downtown?"

We swallowed and shook our heads and couldn't speak. Finally, Eunice cleared her throat. "Do you have time for a cup of coffee?"

"Sure," Lillian sat down and pulled off her gloves and all the while she was there she chattered in her soft voice and we sat dumb, nodding our heads and stealing sick glances at each other. We'd been tiptoeing around Lillian's feelings for weeks; now it just wasn't possible to blurt out the truth.

After that, we wondered who would finally give it away, because Ridge made no attempt to hide what he was doing.

ONE night when Ridge was out and Bob was watching the basketball game on television, I went over to sit with Lillian. I was in the process of learning how to knit and Lillian helped me out whenever I got stuck. I stayed longer than I had planned and before I left Ridge came in. Even from where I sat across the room I could see that his tie was crooked and he had a smudge of something that looked suspiciously like lipstick on his chin. He came in all unconcerned and I knew he did not realize how he looked. I sat there waiting for the explosion and wishing I had

had the sense to leave before he got home.

But I was wrong. Lillian smiled and put down the sweater she was knitting. "Did you have fun, honey?" she asked and her voice was as innocent as a child's. She stood up and went to him and kissed him on the cheek. "Are you hungry? I'll fix you something."

Ridge went into the bathroom and I stood up to go. She must be blind, I thought. All I wanted was to get out of there but Lillian insisted that I stay.

"You just have to try this molasses cake. It's a new recipe."

When Ridge came back into the living room his tie was straight and the smudge was gone from his chin and he was charming.

But that seemed to be the turning point. From then on, Ridge stayed home more and more and when he did go out he came home earlier. I think she was a puzzle to him and he stayed home to try and figure her out.

I've always been grateful that Eunice and I did not tell her about him. If she'd known she'd probably have made his life miserable and alienated him completely. As it was she'd just gone on in her own sweet way and Ridge had come back to her.

Within the next two years we outgrew the Pine Terrace apartments. Eunice and Lee had twin boys and moved to the West Coast when Lee changed jobs. Ridge was transferred again and we began to househunt when we discovered Tommy was on the way.

We promised to keep in touch and we did for a while but gradually we'd built a new life.

On Tuesday night we rang the bell at the Porter's, or rather pushed the button that started the chimes singing through the house.

"Old Ridge has done all right for himself," Bob said.

I nodded and looked up at the big black and gold double door in front of me.

A uniformed maid opened the door but Lillian and Ridge were right behind her to welcome us and after the first moment of strangeness it was like it had been before. Ridge's charm making us easy and Lillian's warmth gathering us in. We laughed and talked and reminisced and had a thoroughly good time. It's nice to be with happy people, I thought. And Ridge and Lillian were happy. She deferred to him constantly and he looked at her the way Bob used to look at me when we were first married. And once again I shuddered to think how close I had come to ruining all this.

When we were about to leave I asked Lillian if she would join the sewing group in my neighborhood. "We meet every Wednesday afternoon."

"Why, honey," she looked surprised. "I'd love to but I just can't. Didn't I tell you I have a job?"

"She sure does," Ridge reached over and put his arm around Lillian. "She's a teacher."

"Teacher?" I repeated.

"That's right," Ridge beamed proudly at us. "She teaches Psychology three days a week." ■ ■

# "The Finest Fellows of God's Making"

By Sylvia E. Clark

**The woman who changed the character of the British Army**

THE story is well known how one frail woman changed the British Army—and the world—more than all the great military leaders of the nineteenth century. Florence Nightingale is famous for establishing the foundations for modern nursing and the Red Cross. But little is known of an equally important service she originated to rescue the souls of men.

Florence Nightingale arrived with her nurses at Scutari on the Bosporus November 4, 1854, where a group of hospitals had been set up to receive the wounded of the Crimean War. Two months before that in September when the British and their French allies met the Russians in a bloody battle on the banks of the Alma the ships that brought the wounded to Scutari were so poorly equipped and so understaffed that seventy-five out of every one thousand men died during the eight-day voyage. The mortality rate of all the wounded treated at the hospitals was forty-two percent!

In those days a wounded soldier was hardly expected to live. His mission was to die for his country. Nobody thought it mattered much whether he died from enemy fire, from pestilence, or from neglect. Florence Nightingale was first with the modern concept that men, as the most valuable pieces of war materiel, should be conserved. Although her own purpose was humanitarian, she could make saving soldiers' lives sound very practical to money-pinching war office officials.

"In reality," she wrote to Lord Salisbury in regard to the Army in India, "points connected with the soldier's health cannot stand over. The man is dead or invalided—the man, the most costly article we have; and you have to replace him with another costly article."

What Florence Nightingale did at Scutari is one of the most inspiring

epics of history. As Lady-in-Chief with her gentle ministrations and wise planning she reduced the death rate from 420 per thousand to twenty-two! Her presence gave so much hope to the wounded men that when she walked the wards each night carrying her famous lamp they kissed her shadow. She was known affectionately as "The Lady with the Lamp."

But it comes as a surprise to most people reading her life to find that this unusual woman, while concerning herself with cholera, rodent control and drainage still had time to care about the pastimes and morals of her "children" as she called her soldiers.

TODAY, thanks to Florence Nightingale, it is difficult for us to picture the dissolute life of the soldier of those days.

"What the horrors of war are," she wrote home from the Crimea in 1855, "no one can imagine. They are not wounds, and blood, and fever . . . and dysentery . . . and cold and heat and famine. They are intoxication, drunken brutality, demoralization and disorder on the part of the inferior, selfish brutality on the part of the superior."

She reported that "convalescents are brought in emphatically *dead* drunk (for they die of it), and officers look on with composure."

Miss Nightingale believed in the nobility of human nature. She thought she saw a great deal of it in the courage of the soldiers as they faced pain and death. Accordingly, she refused to believe that soldiers were by nature any more coarse and immoral than other men. With her womanly insight into character she observed that men convalescing from wounds drank because they had nothing better to do.

A reading room for soldiers! When she sent this idea back to England it caused as much amazement and opposition as her original suggestion of introducing female nurses into the Army. But, characteristic of her, she went right ahead with it. Her sister, "Parthe," in England who acted as receiver-general for donated goods, wrote her, "My dear, you can't conceive how pretty the sort of help is that everybody poured in. . . . We have been racking our brains to get together amusing things for your men."

They collected not only books but all kinds of games and sports equipment and musical instruments. The post office generously allowed all the shipments to be sent free of charge. When the reading room opened it was well attended. Everybody, even Florence Nightingale herself, was surprised at the change in the soldiers' behavior. "The men sat there reading and writing their letters," she wrote, "and the Library of the British Museum could not have presented a more silent or orderly scene."

Miss Nightingale added sports contests and songfests; but still she was not satisfied that she was doing as much as she could for the men. Parthe had written jokingly when some maps, charts, and other educational items were donated, that she was "educating the British Army."

An absurd thought in those days.

"Educate them? Why not!" said Miss Nightingale. A highly educated woman herself, she was grieved to see that some of the men were unable to read even the simplest books she provided for them. She would start a school. Let illiterate men make use of their convalescing time by learning to read and write.

Stodgy war office officials, who had seen one after another of their cherished Army traditions crumble before this dauntless woman, objected. Florence wept when they notified her it would be absolutely impossible to send schoolmasters to the battlefront.

THIS proved only a temporary hitch, however. The Lady-in-Chief had a way of accomplishing her purposes. The chaplain had written of her in a letter to her father, "A perfect lady, she wins and rules every one; the most rugged official melts before her gentle voice, and all seem glad to do her bidding."

Within a short time she had prevailed upon the high authorities in London and the Commander at Scutari. A building was purchased and equipped for a classroom. Two schoolmasters arrived from England with one thousand copybooks and other educational matter. Soon battle-hardened men who were used to struggling only with drunken hoodlums in the bazaars were struggling with the ABC's.

This triumph only encouraged Miss Nightingale to extend her war on drunkenness on two more fronts. She chose a sightly location on the shore of the Bosporus, midway between the hospitals, to open a coffee-house for the soldiers. It was named the Inkerman Cafe in honor of a famous battle whose survivors were among the patrons. This was so close to her heart that she found time to give it her personal attention. In spite of the life-and-death work of taking care of increasing shiploads of wounded and answering mountains of correspondence from the war office she supervised the opening of the Inkerman Cafe herself. With motherly pats to doilies and chair cushions she arranged the furnishings and wrote out tasty menus. Here in homelike surroundings her "children" enjoyed wholesome food and sober conversation.

"You are spoiling the brutes," declared the amazed officers.

Her next attack on drunkenness was a money order office to prevent any remaining soldiers who had not come to her reading room or her cafe from squandering their money on liquor. A letter from her, outlining the plan, was read in the cabinet council in London. She suggested establishing an office to receive money from the soldiers and send it home to their families.

"It will do no good," one official objected, "the soldier is not a remitting animal."

While the cabinet council was turning over the pros and cons of her plan Miss Nightingale, with her usual dispatch, was doing it. With none other than herself as clerk she opened the office four afternoons per month. Any soldier who wanted to send money home deposited it

with her. She mailed the money regularly to her Uncle Samuel Smith in London, a highly respected citizen, who sent money orders to the individual families.

After a month in which she collected one thousand pounds the government approved her plan and opened money order offices at other Army posts. It gave Miss Nightingale great personal satisfaction to find that in six months over 71,000 pounds had been rescued from the bazaars and the men were rescued from their bad liquor.

The commander at Scutari, Sir Henry Storks, gave her full support and remarked with enthusiasm that "drunkenness can be made the exception, not the rule, in the Army."

One marvels at the intricate details handled by this remarkable woman. A letter from her shows that she asked a chaplain in England to persuade a certain soldier's wife to write to him oftener. She also wrote to the chaplain, "I consider the 12th Lancers the most 'respectable' Regiment we have. They send home more money and put it to better uses than all the other Regiments put together."

After the close of the Crimean War, Florence Nightingale devoted her life to making even more dramatic reductions in death rates in British forces in China, India, and at home. Her recreation centers and money order offices for soldiers were set up all over the world.

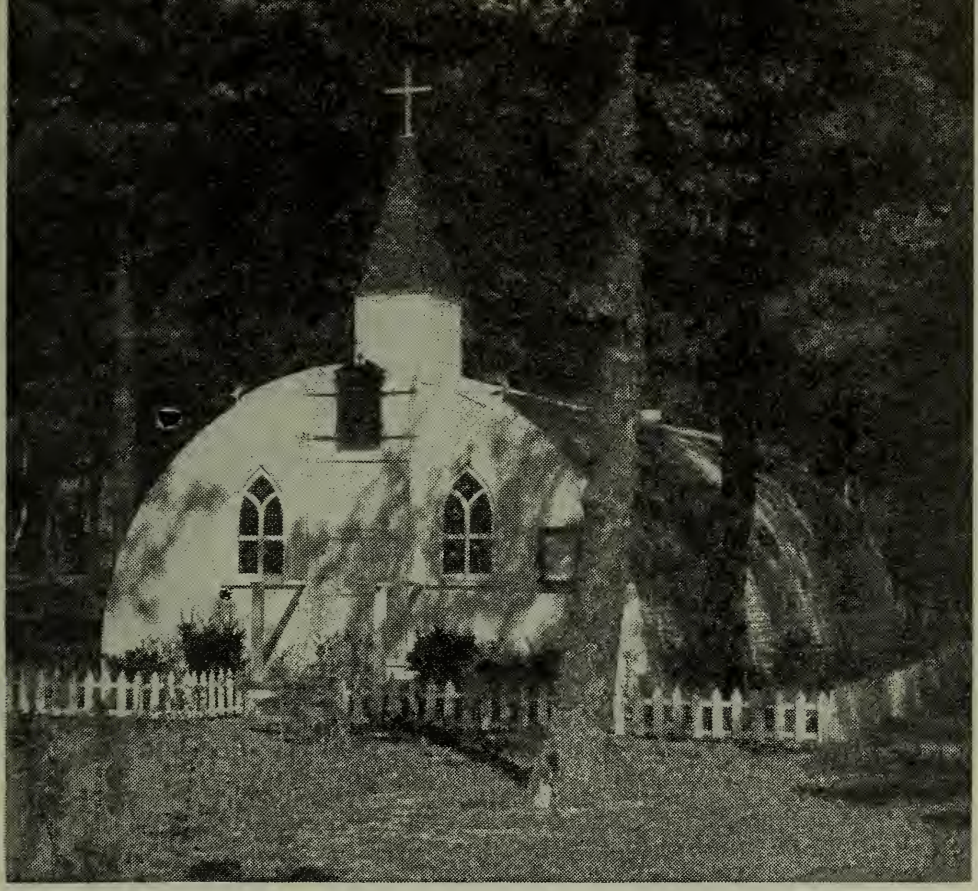
"She has taught officers and officials to treat the soldiers as Christian men," stated a high authority who had seen her work. She changed the character of the British armed forces. Miss Nightingale herself said of her soldiers, "Cared for in the body, mind and morals they are the finest fellows of God's making."

■ ■

# Daily Bible Readings

## MAY

| DAY | | BOOK | CHAPTER |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | | II Corinthians | 1 |
| 2 | Sunday | II Corinthians | 4 |
| 3 | | II Corinthians | 5 |
| 4 | | II Corinthians | 6 |
| 5 | | II Corinthians | 12 |
| 6 | | II Peter | 1 |
| 7 | | II Peter | 2 |
| 8 | | II Peter | 3 |
| 9 | Sunday | Proverbs | 31 |
| 10 | | Isaiah | 41 |
| 11 | | Isaiah | 42 |
| 12 | | Isaiah | 43 |
| 13 | | Luke | 5 |
| 14 | | Luke | 6 |
| 15 | | Luke | 7 |
| 16 | Sunday | Luke | 11:1-26 |
| 17 | | Luke | 11:27-54 |
| 18 | | Luke | 12:1-30 |
| 19 | | Luke | 12:31-59 |
| 20 | | Luke | 16 |
| 21 | | Luke | 17 |
| 22 | | Luke | 18 |
| 23 | Sunday | Luke | 21 |
| 24 | | Luke | 23:1-26 |
| 25 | | Luke | 23:27-56 |
| 26 | | Luke | 24:1-35 |
| 27 | Ascension | Luke | 24:36-53 |
| 28 | | II Corinthians | 9 |
| 29 | | Colossians | 1 |
| 30 | Sunday | Deuteronomy | 5 |
| 31 | | Deuteronomy | 6 |



**The Quonset-hut chapel the Seabees used from 1948 until the present new chapel was constructed. The old chapel held marvelous memories.**

# *The Incredible Chapel*

By Harold Helfer

MOST people agree it is just about the loveliest chapel they've ever seen, this new place of worship in a clearing in the woods at Davisville, Rhode Island.

Few edifices have ever been constructed with a greater turnover of labor, with more discontinuity and with a larger bunch of inexperienced hands.

It really had only one thing going for it, to overcome all this—there was one thread that ran through the raw mortar, the piles of brick

**The completed chapel at the Construction Battalion Center, Davisville, R.I. Built as a training project for all Seabees of the Atlantic Fleet, the chapel was officially presented and formally dedicated September 14, 1963.**

and the odds and ends of plumbing. It was a labor of love.

The building of this chapel was under the auspices of the Seabees, the famed Navy construction unit which did such a great and heroic job during World War II, more than held up their own during the Korean conflict and, really, have been going great guns ever since. But of all the vast and various projects in which the Seabees have been engaged, literally costing millions of dollars and ranging from one end of the earth to the other, nothing has ever given them any more satisfaction than this small chapel in the woods.

To begin at the beginning.

When Camp Endicott, Davisville, was commissioned in August, 1942, as the home for this new outfit, a naval construction battalion, the first religious services were held in the mess hall. Then, as the number of men in the construction training center grew, larger places for worship were used—warehouses, lecture halls, drill facilities.

Finally, on Christmas Eve, 1943, a trim, white colonial chapel with an impressive expanse of wood-shingled roof, came into being. It was a very nice place indeed and everyone seemed quite pleased with it.

When World War II ended many

things swift and sudden occurred. One of the things that fell into this frenzied hopper was the declaration that the Seabee chapel was "surplus." Well, no doubt there was some logic behind the idea; there didn't seem to be too much need for Seabees any more, and the site occupied by the chapel could be used for more up-to-date, practical postwar things.

Still, the many thousands of men who served as Seabees during the war were loath to see their chapel, which had such a wonderful, symbolic meaning to them, just vanish into oblivion. So the chapel, section by section, was moved across the water and reassembled again near the entrance of Narranganset Bay. There it was rededicated "Chapel-By-The-Sea."

AND there it now stands, but as a memorial to the Seabees, rather than an active house of worship. Which seemed only fitting in a way, since the Seabees had been disbanded. But, some five years later along came the Korean conflict, and a naval construction unit was again mobilized at Camp Endicott.

The old chapel across the river, for all its sentimental hold on the men, was too impractical as an "everyday church." So a surplus

**Rear Admiral James W. Kelly, CHC, USN, Director of Chaplains Division, delivers the main address at the dedicatory service of the newly constructed All-Faiths Chapel. The Cadet Choir, Officers Candidate School, Newport, R.I., brought the special music at the service, September 14, 1963.**

quonset hut was transported to a grove of pines, a steeple was added; and that became the new place of worship for the Seabees.

The general feeling was still that the Seabees were a temporary outfit and that as soon as the Korean "tempest" blew over, why, these Navy construction fellows would be disbanded again. But the Korean business turned out to be more of a long and raging storm than a tempest and pointed up something that you might have thought World War II would have made evident enough: The Navy needed a permanent construction arm.

With that now pretty much settled, it seemed only fitting that a permanent chapel was in order for Camp Endicott, too. Anyone would have said it was a most reasonable matter but military things can take mighty strange turns and twists. Projects can be stalled for the longest time. The first sermon wasn't preached in it until the middle of September, 1963. It was a very strange matter from two viewpoints: In the first place, the Seabees had a reputation of being able to set up structures of all sorts with wizard-like quickness. You would have thought they could have turned out something like this in just a couple of days or so, with practically one hand tied behind them. And second, there was the fact that a great many pitched in on this project. Perhaps never before have so many different individuals worked on one single building in so many successive shifts.

And, perhaps, more astonishing than any of this, are the results. Out of all this hodge-podge activity, with so many green, just-learning hands involved, a building turned out breath-takingly lovely. It is a thing of beauty all right. Through the various shades of smoked glass windows rising majestically to a peak above the narthex as well as the chancel, the sun's rays spill in a riot of colors unevenly across the modern altar and down the carpeted risers. Pale yellow walls surround the walnut stained birch pews. Carpeting of olive and brown runs the length of three aisles. The floor seen beneath the pews is made of handsome hardwood parquet oak.

But perhaps the main thing about it, really, as far as the men go, is the classic simplicity of its general appearance and its quiet wooded surroundings. The Seabees continuously rotate in and out of Davisville, to Antarctica, South America, the Caribbean, Newfoundland, Spain, Sicily, Greece. The chapel has come to mean a great deal to them, a place where they can come to meditate and find a measure of peace and serenity in between assignments that can be pretty rugged and forlorn.

The Seabees have been involved in many momentous construction endeavors, often with history practically holding its breath. This service has won the glorious reputation of being a "can do" outfit but nothing it ever did has ever given it any more reputation than this little chapel in the woods. ■ ■

**Any home built at present prices is truly a home of the brave.—Gene Yasenak.**

# Missionaries of the Old West

By Richard Barness

## Martyrs to the cause of Christ

THE morning of February 6, 1836, was just another cold winter day to the citizens of Angelica, New York, but for the young couple that emerged from a small church in Angelica that morning, it was the happiest day of their lives. Joined in holy matrimony, Narcissa Prentiss Whitman and Doctor Marcus Whitman were unmindful of the cold. The springtime of love warmed their hearts.

Prior to her marriage Narcissa had been a schoolteacher; she had long expressed a desire to enter missionary work. Dr. Whitman had recently returned from a trip to the West; now he and his bride planned on returning to establish a mission for the Indians of the Northwest.

Shortly after the wedding the Whitmans bade farewell to friends and left immediately for Pittsburgh. Contracting passage on a riverboat, they proceeded to Liberty, Missouri. Henry Spaulding and his wife Eliza were waiting for them there. Two wagons, horses and supplies had been purchased for the trip west. Two young Nez Perce Indian boys were hired to accompany the party, and would help in caring for the livestock on the long journey that lay ahead.

No time was wasted at Liberty, Missouri. The party had to set off at once in order to catch up with a fur caravan that was on its way west. Without the protection of a wagon train, the missionary party would be easy prey for hostile Indians when they crossed the dangerous Pawnee country.

Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spaulding soon realized that the trip was much more than an exciting adventure. Both women helped drive the horses and gave every assistance they could when it was necessary to ferry their supplies across the Platte River. The wagons were kept rolling from dawn to dark as an effort was made to catch up with the wagon train ahead. At early

dawn one day, Narcissa joyfully shouted:

"Camp fires up ahead! It looks like the caravan!"

Seventy men of the fur caravan were grouped around campfires eating their breakfast when the missionaries drove up.

"It looks like women that are driving those wagons," remarked one of the trappers. "Can it be that two women are risking the trip to the West?"

A bearded horseman rode up to the Whitman wagon and greeted Marcus Whitman in a booming voice.

"Hello, Doc," he said, extending his hand. "Glad to see you with us on this trip. You saved me last year from cholera, and this wagon train needs a good doctor."

He introduced Marcus to the other men, and then Marcus proudly introduced Narcissa to the men. His old trapper friend sadly shook his head as he was introduced to Narcissa.

"Doc, I thought you would have more sense than to take your bride on this dangerous trip," he said. "It will be rough enough on us men if we run into Indians, and much worse for the women, if captured."

Marcus Whitman grinned at his old trapper friend. He took out a small Bible from his pocket and held it aloft.

"We are fully aware of the dangers that we might encounter," he said. "Our goal is to establish a mission, and we do it without fear. You see, old friend, we are in the service of the Lord."

THEY made the trip across the continent without encountering any hostile Indians. In September, 1836, the missionary party arrived at Vancouver, Washington. Flags were flying as the group reached Fort Vancouver. An Army officer met them at the gate to the fort.

"Welcome to Fort Vancouver, ladies," he said, bowing low. "You are the first white women ever to travel three hundred miles down the Columbia River."

Narcissa and Elizabeth remained at the Fort, while Marcus and Henry left almost immediately to locate sites for a mission. It was a great relief to the women when Marcus and Henry returned after only a three weeks' tour of the countryside.

"We have decided to establish two missions," explained Marcus. "Henry and Eliza will establish a mission for the Nez Perce tribe, and we will build ours for the Cayuse Indians."

Marcus noticed the look of concern in his wife's eyes at the mention of the Cayuse Indians.

"The soldiers tell us that not even the Nez Perce trust the Cayuse Indians. Are they a hostile tribe, Marcus?"

"I don't know the answer to that question," replied Marcus calmly. "If so, more the reason that we bring the gospel to them. I have already cleared a site for our mission."

On December 10, 1836, the Whitmans made the trip to a partly finished cabin at Waiilatpu, which is five miles west of where Walla Walla is located today. The young couple settled down to many weeks of hard

work. Marcus fenced in a pasture for the livestock, and later built a gristmill and a lumber mill. Narcissa kept busy each day sewing clothes and baking, and helping to furnish the house.

Every Sunday Marcus and Narcissa held a service, inviting Indians to attend. Not knowing the Indian language, they hired an old Indian man to teach Marcus, and a young Cayuse girl came to the mission to teach Narcissa the language.

A child was born to Narcissa in April, 1837, and the happy couple named their daughter Alice. She was the first white girl born west of the Rockies. The little girl was a source of joy to the couple in the vast wilderness.

Two years after the child's birth, tragedy struck the Whitman family. Little Alice wandered down to the river. While playing, she ventured out too far, and was swept away by the fast current.

Narcissa and Marcus never had another child of their own, but the mission house was filled with Indian children. Over the years, Narcissa mothered eleven Indian orphan children.

In 1847, an epidemic of measles broke out. The mission was crowded with children of white travelers, and many of the Indians brought their children to be cared for by Marcus. In spite of his constant care, many of the children died. Tribal medicine men began to stir up the Indians against Marcus.

"White man make bad medicine," they said. "He should die same as Indian child die."

Friends of the Whitmans begged the couple to come to the settlement until the danger had passed, but the Whitmans refused.

"I, and my wife, came to administer to the sick, and preach the Lord Jesus," announced Marcus. "We shall not forsake those who may need our help."

On a November morning in 1847, a surly-looking Indian knocked on the mission door. Narcissa recognized the man as a troublemaker, but she asked him what she could do for him.

"Me sick," the Indian replied. "Need medicine bad."

"All right, go into that room and see the doctor," she said, indicating a small room that Marcus used as an office.

Moments later, Narcissa heard the sound of a heavy blow, and a cry for help from her husband. She rushed in the room to find Marcus wounded. He was beyond help, and died in her arms.

Settlers were shocked when the news reached them that Narcissa and Marcus and twelve others at the mission were massacred. The Indian murderers fled to the hills to escape the wrath of their own tribe.

At the site of the old mission, today, near Walla Walla, stands a Christian college bearing the name of the Northwest's first martyrs. The school was chartered in 1859, and became a college in 1883. Whitman College is a memorial to Narcissa and Marcus Whitman, two missionaries who gave their lives in unselfish service to the Lord.

■■

# Lift Up Your Heart

*Cynic:* The man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Before I was married I had three principles of rearing children. Now I have three children and no principles.—Anonymous.

The time, like all other times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it.—Emerson.

We must decide what manner of men we wish to be and what calling in life we would follow, and this is the most difficult problem in the world.—Cicero.

The church is a working fellowship, controlled by the Spirit; it is a fighting fellowship, marshaled and disciplined by the Spirit; it is an enduring fellowship, sustained moment by moment by the Spirit.—Isaac Foot in *Free Methodist.*

Christ said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow" (Mt. 6:28). As he watched the money-changers in the Temple he also said in essence, "Consider the thieves, how they steal!"—Hal Luccock.

The Christian challenge is to outthink, outlive, and outlove the world.—Oscar Blackwelder in *The Interpreter's Bible.*

Let us not look back in anger, nor forward in fear, but around in awareness.—James Thurber, shortly before his death.

What we need is a religion of action rather than a religion of diction.—Wilfred Grenfell in *Kansas Baptist.*

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but live for it.—Charles Colton, early 19th century clergyman and author.

He gave all he had—his life;
He gained all he lacked—immortality.—Plaque honoring Sam Davis, Confederate spy during War Between the States.

# BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

**Upper Room Award for 1965**

Dr. Harry Denman, who is retiring as General Secretary of the Board of Evangelism of The Methodist Church, has been chosen to receive the annual citation of The Upper Room for 1965. Dr. Denman was recently reelected as general secretary of the Board until his successor could be chosen.

**Graham Preaches to President**

At a special service held on Inauguration Day at the National City Christian (Disciples of Christ) Church, the President's church, the Rev. Billy Graham preached to the President and other members of his staff. He said in part: "President Theodore Roosevelt once called the White House a 'bully pulpit.' . . . From this city you are already leading the nation to new heights of social justice and economic prosperity. You also have the opportunity to lead the nation to its greatest moral and spiritual heights."

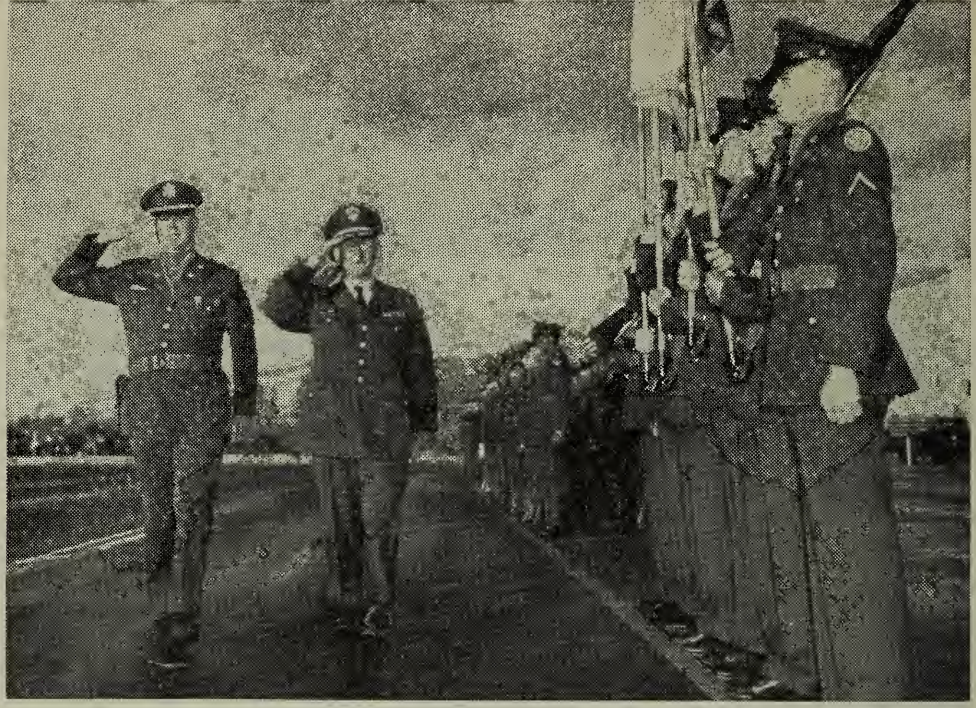
**Cooperation with Vatican**

Earlier this year at Enugu, Nigeria, the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches approved the establishment of a "working group" to study principles and methods of collaboration with the Roman Catholic Church. The proposal recommends that the World Council appoint eight members to the "working group" to study matters of mutual interest with six representatives of the Roman Catholic Church.

**"Man Amid Change"**

Bishop Reuben H. Mueller, president of the World Council of Churches, has issued a call to the Sixth World Order Study Conference to explore what Christians can do to work for peace in the world. The meeting is scheduled for October 20 to 23 in St. Louis, Mo.

**Jackie Barrett, daughter of Chief Warrant Officer Ralph E. Barrett, U.S. Army Garrison, Japan, helps in loading a truck with over 380 boxes of disaster relief food and clothes at Camp Zama. This was final phase of "Operation Snow Frost," a U.S. Army two-week long drive to gather clothes, food and money for families in stricken Hokkaido.**



**Captain Henry F. Hager (left), Commander of Troops at the Honor Ceremony for Chaplain (Major General) Charles E. Brown, Jr. (center). Ceremony took place at Fort Bliss, Texas, where Major General Tom V. Stayton is Commanding General.**

**Forward Program in Christian Literature**

The World Council of Churches has announced the establishment of a $3,000,000 fund to advance large-scale indigenous Christian literature programs around the world. The largest single amount ever appropriated by the churches for literature work, it will operate over a five-year period. The monies are expected to produce "new developments of high quality and great urgency" in Christian literature. Resources will be directed primarily to Asia, Africa, Latin America, Oceania, and the Caribbean. Fund director will be Charles Granston Richards. The Committee will have its first meeting in London in August, 1965.

**American Family at the Start of '65**

Women's Division, Institute of Life Insurance in New York reports the following facts about the American family at the start of '65:

There are 48 million families in the U.S., with a total of 178 million members.

There were about 1.8 million marriages in '64.

About 3,700,000 youngsters celebrated their 17th birthday in '64 —a 37 percent increase in just one year.

Total personal family income for

'64 was a half-trillion dollars. One out of five families received an income of $10,000 or more yearly. At the same time about the same number had incomes below $3,000. The average family income was $6,500. Two out of three families averaged well over $7,500 per year.

Families are expected to continue making impressive gains during this year.

**Deglamorizing Smoking**

The American Cancer Society brought together 125 teen-agers from the Washington, D.C. area early this year to participate in a conference on smoking and cancer. Theme: "How can we destroy the myth that cigarette smoking is the IN thing to do?" Leaders of the conference were: Senator Frank E. Moss (Utah); Jack Anderson, Washington correspondent; Bobby Mitchell, Washington Redskins; and others.

**Ecumenical Council of RCC**

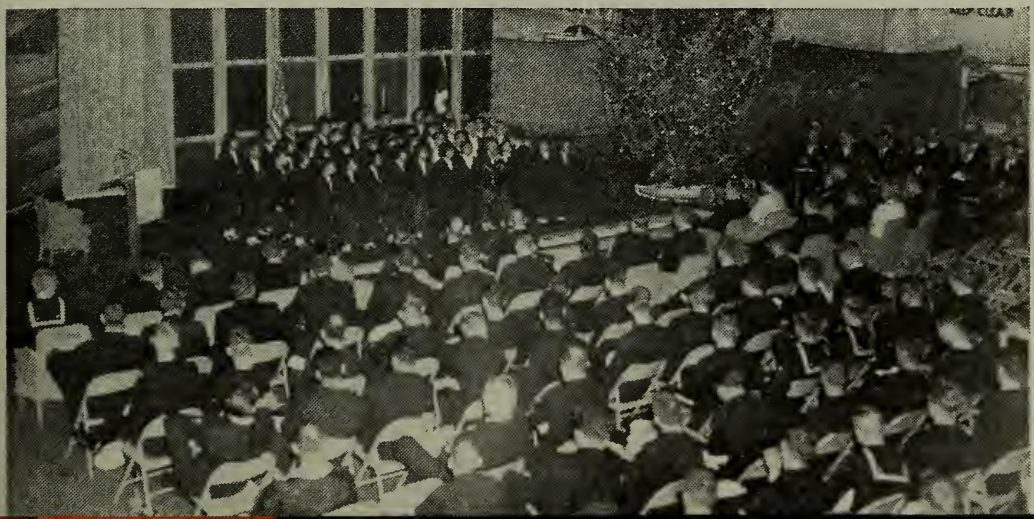
Pope Paul VI has set September 14 for the start of the fourth and final session of the Roman Catholic Ecumenical Council.

**Training for Korean Doctors**

Twenty-three graduates of medical schools throughout Korea are receiving advanced training through the inter-resident program of the Presbyterian Medical Center in Chonju, Korea. The program offers training in surgery, neurosurgery, medicine, pediatrics, tuberculosis control, obstetrics and anesthesia. Presbyterian U.S. missionary, Dr. Paul S. Crane, is director of the center.

Send us your news items and pictures.—EDITOR

**View of the Protestant Christmas Eve Caroling and Holy Communion Service which took place aboard the USS *Hancock*, December 24, 1964 in Hong Kong. The 45-member Chinese children's choir from St. James Episcopal Church sang Christmas carols in English as well as in Chinese. 510 men were present.**



# The Link Calendar

MAY is the fifth month of the year; it takes its name from *Maia,* mother of Hermes, in Roman mythology; she was identified by the Romans with the goddess of spring.

During this month, the calendar of events emphasizes many, many things: e.g. Radio Month, Senior Citizens Month, Better Hearing Month, National Better Homes and Garden Month, American Bike Month, Car Care Month, National Hemophilia Month, Learn-to-Play-Tennis Month, even New York is a Great-Place-to-Visit Month.

The two events that take the spotlight in the Christian calendar are: National Family Week—or Festival of Christian Home and Rural Life Sunday. Now the specifics.

**May 1.** May Day, Lei Day, and Law Day. May Day puts emphasis on the international solidarity of workingmen. You'll find Communists around the world tooting loud their horn. Lei Day, out in Honolulu, honors the spirit of friendliness and good will. This helps to offset communist hatred —as does also Law Day which fosters in the USA deep respect for law. **May 1** is also Kentucky Derby Day.

**May 1-8.** American Camping Week. Also American Comedy Week. Through the 7th, Mental Health Week.

**May 2-9.** National Family Week. Or now known as the Festival of the Christian Home. Also National Music Week.

**May 2.** Humane Sunday. Be kind to children and animals. Also Mother-in-Law Day. **May 2-7.** International Exposition of Professional Photography, New York.

**May 6.** Birthday of the First Postage Stamp.

**May 7.** May Fellowship Day. Christian women unite. Theme this year: "People, Poverty, Plenty."

**May 8.** Harry S. Truman's birthday. 33rd President of the U.S. B. 1884.

**May 8.** World Red Cross Day.

**May 9.** Mother's Day.

**May 9-15.** Girls Club Week. Also National Hospital Week.

**May 10-15.** National Cotton Week. **May 11.** Memphis Cotton Carnival.

**May 13.** American Bible Society Annual Meeting. New York, N.Y.

**May 15.** Armed Forces Day.

**May 16-22.** American Merchant Marine Book Week. Give books to the Merchant Marines.

**May 16-23.** National Salvation Army Week. The S.A. is doing a great work.

**May 22.** National Maritime Day. Honor the Merchant Marines.

**May 23.** Rural Life Sunday.

**May 27.** Ascension Day.

**May 29.** John F. Kennedy's birthday. 35th President of the U.S. B. 1917.

**May 30.** Memorial Day.

**May 31.** 500-Mile Memorial Day Race. Indianapolis, Ind.

# Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion. Lay leaders will also find these topics helpful.

1. **Love at First Sight?** (*page 5*)
   *Biblical Material:* Genesis 24:45-49, 62-67
   Why is love at first sight so powerful? Under what conditions is love at first sight most likely to occur? What are some ideas about love at first sight which have proved to be illusions?

2. **The Meaning of Christian Marriage** (*page 9*)
   *Biblical Material:* Ephesians 5:21-33
   What is the difference between a church wedding and a Christian marriage? How would you answer the questions: "Why do you want to get married? What do you expect from marriage?" Why should a couple planning to be married respect each other and take each other seriously? Why should the church be interested not only in your wedding but your home life after you are married?

3. **The Honeymoon Is Over** (*page 12*)
   *Biblical Material:* 1 Corinthians 7:1-16; 13:1-13
   Does a Christian have a different way of handling money than an unbeliever? Do you think of the opposite sex as inferior? Inferior to what, or to whom? Do you think 1 Corinthians 13 applies to young married couples?

4. **Is It Worth It?** (*page 15*)
   *Biblical Material:* Acts 16:11-15
   Should wives work? Why or why not? If a man's wife works, do you think the husband ought to help do the housework? Why or why not? How can working wives keep fresh and alert for their calling as wives and homemakers?

5. **New Discipleship and the Old Piety** (*page 32*)
   *Biblical Material:* Matthew 6:1-18
   What is wrong with pious people? What is right with them? Can the church keep "pure" and yet help in the world? Should prayer be private, corporate, or both? What do we gain from prayer? Is there any use in fasting during Lent?

# Books Are Friendly Things

**The Story of Education** by Carroll Atkinson and Eugene T. Maleska. Bantam Books, Inc. 271 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1964. Paperback. $1.45.

Next to religion, the most important aspect of our civilization is the education of our youth. But what is education? What kind of education does American youth need? To answer these questions we need an understanding of what has gone on in education in the past. In this excellent paperback we have an ambitious book that surveys the whole story of education from the beginning of history. We also have insights into the teaching profession, school administration, current trends, and especially the field of psychology.

**Tangled World** by Roger Shinn. Scribner's. 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. 1965. $3.00.

For the most part this book is a description of *this tangled world*—a world on the move, a scientific world, an affluent society and yet with great pockets of poverty, a world of the organization man and the like. The author believes, however, that as we become aware of the *tangle* we must be led to participate intelligently in the many revolutions of our times and decide responsibly.

**Archeology of the New Testament** by R. K. Harrison. Association Press. 291 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10007. 1964. $3.95.

Biblical archeology has thrown new light on the pages of the Bible—especially the Old Testament. But also on the New, as this book points out. Written records on stone, alabaster, papyrus, leather, and pottery are studied. Also examined are such artifacts as fragments of glass, coins, pieces of jewelry, discarded metal objects, broken weapons. All of these help piece together the life and times of the New Testament. A chapter on the Dead Sea Scrolls warns us not to think that the Qumran findings negate what we find in the New Testament about early Christianity.

**The Yanks Are Coming** by Pierce G. Fredericks. Bantam Books, Inc. 271 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1964. 75 cents.

In words and pictures, author Fredericks reconstructs the raw, human experience of the Great War: 1914-1918.

**Living Can Be Exciting** by Aaron N. Meckle. Zondervan Publishing House. 1415 Lake Dr., Grand Rapids 6, Mich. 1964. $2.95.

The author treats such fascinating subjects as "There Is Healing in Laughter"; "How Does One Learn to Have Faith?"; "Sometimes Up and Sometimes Down"; "The Real Meaning of Happiness"; and "Making Your Marriage a Happy One."

## *Sound Off!* (*Continued from page 4*)

**"I Love Life"**

I wonder if I may obtain a copy of the complete article, "I Love Life," by Lucille E. Hein, published in condensed form in THE LINK, November, 1964.

—Mrs. Robert L. Thompson, 306 B Mason Farm Rd., Chapel Hill, N.C.

(*Write THE LUTHERAN, 2900 Queen Lane, Philadelphia, Pa. 19129.*)

**A Letter from Prison**

Greetings from all of us and blessings to you from our wonderful Lord. God is a good God. You are in our thoughts today and we are praying for you. I want you personally to know that and to feel the effect of our prayers. We also want you to know that we appreciate your wonderful magazine, THE LINK. It is truly one of America's great and outstanding religious publications. We inmates here in prison are proud and happy to receive this mighty magazine. All we can say is our humble thanks and appreciation. . . . Our beloved chaplain is truly a man of God. . . . I am planning on my release from prison to go into youth evangelistic work. I would hate for any teen-ager to go through what I've been through. At the age of fourteen, I was arrested and put into juvenile hall. Since that time I have served time at road camps, honor farms, California Youth Authority, county and city jails everywhere, including five California prisons. . . . I am thirty years old now. . . . I was hopeless until Christ came into my life. . . .

—Ben Chavez, Jr., Box E, Los Padres, Calif.

(*We send some of our left-over copies of THE LINK to this prison. We're glad the inmates there enjoy reading it.*)

**Renewal**

Please renew subscriptions to your most excellent publication, THE LINK—for me and my mother. And then send a new subscription to a very close friend of mine (name given). Enclosed find $7.50.

—A1C Jacob A. Tustin, Hq. 48th Combt Spt Gp (USAFE) Box 2956, APO New York, N.Y. 09179.

**Source of Inspiration**

Please increase our subscription to THE LINK. Your magazine continues to be a source of inspiration for all its readers here in the shipyard and provides much needed helpful information for Christian living. Though I am not in the same position as Chaplain Buss who has in the past "thrown away" copies of THE LINK, I do feel that his suggestion to omitting the month on the cover of each issue has merit and should be considered once again seriously by your editorial staff.

—E. Blant Ferguson, Shipyard Chaplain, Boston Naval Shipyard, Boston 29, Mass.

# At Ease!

**"Do you give trading stamps?"**

A visitor, passing through the Skid Row section of a metropolitan city, overheard two old-timers refer to the day as "Hero Day." Puzzled by this expression he asked a local merchant what the men were talking about.

The merchant laughed and replied, "That's the day of the month they receive their World War I Pensions." —Thomas E. Oetzel.

She: "Do you think a genius ever makes a good husband?"

He: "You had better ask my wife." —*Watchman-Examiner.*

A Texas oil millionaire went to an honest dentist who promptly told him: "Your teeth are in perfect shape. There's no work necessary. They don't even need polishing." "Start drilling anyhow," ordered the millionaire. "I feel lucky today." —Edgar Buchanan in *Parade.*

A neighbor reports this sign over the box office of an Ozark movie theater: "Children under sixteen will not be admitted unless accompanied by their husbands."—Anna Herbert in *Wall Street Journal.*

Johnny was looking at his baby brother for the first time.

"What do you think of him?" asked his mother.

Johnny sighed: "The Joneses have a new car, the Browns have a new color television, and we've got this." —*Arkansas Baptist.*

The housewife had her hands in dough, and she was annoyed to find that the knock at the door was that of a tramp. "Please lady," he whined, "could you help a poor man out of his troubles?" "Gladly," snapped the woman. "Would you rather be shot, poisoned, or hit with an axe?"—Roger Allen in *Grand Rapids Press.*

Why teachers get gray. Finding these answers on high school test papers:

Homer wrote the Oddity.

Salt Lake City is where the Morons settled.

Southerners employ tooters for their children.—*Mississippi Educational Advance.*